THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MAY MORELLI.

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

An invalid lay in a curtained room;
Her cheeks were wan, but her eye was bright;
While a sunshine chased from her brow its gloom,
And haloed it o'er with a golden light.
"Farewell to the winter, so dark and drear,"
She murmured in accents sweet and low,
While adown her cheek stole a pearly tear,
And a glad smile vanquished the look of woe
That had hovered around her wan lips long,
And hushed in her bosom its gush of song.

"The spring has come, oh, the warm, bright spring,
With its bursting buds and its blooming flowers,
While the trilling bird on its speeding wing
Flits gaily along through the wild wood bowers.
And the silvery streams with their music sweet
Have burst from their fetters of ice at last,
And bounding along the glad waves meet
In the flowery vale where the wintry blast
Moans no more through the boughs that are bleak and bare
For the smiling spring's wreathed the green leaves there.

"There's a fount of joy in my bosom now,
And the bow of Hope spans the waters clear.
The gloom is chased from my weary brow,
Since the sunlight breaks and the spring is here.
O, my pulses bound with a joyous thrill,
And a tear of love through my being flows
As I list to the song of the purling rill,
And gaze on the greensward freed from the snows
That have covered the earth with a mantle white,
And filled my soul with a gloom like Night."

Aye! the spring had come, and the summer too,
But the soft breeze murmured a requiem low,
While white flowers dripping with crystal dew
Were lightly laid o'er a death cold brow.
And the white hands meekly folded lay
In sweet repose o'er a pulseless breast,
While the smile on the beautiful lips of clay
Made her look like a weary child at rest.
Death touched the maid with a soothing hand,
And her soul went forth to the Spirit Land.

Now wild flowers blossom around her grave;
The Hawthorn sweet—the Forget-me-not;
In a lonely vale where the willows wave,
Where in life she had made it a favorite spot.
Where oft she had sat till the moon's pale sheen
Danced o'er the brook in a silvery white—
Till the night birds walled 'mid the leaves of green,
And the world grew still in the hush of night.
Oh, farewell, May—be your deep sleep sweet,
In the vale where the tinkling rivulets meet.

MARGARET'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. A. HEYDON.

CHAPTER I.

The light of a June day lay golden on the meadow, the dowsey breath of a June day rippled the meadow brook, and fanned its green setting of willows and alders, when Susan Milner folded her toil-worn hands, and rested from her labors.

It was a sad day for Robert Milner. He had purposed to be a kind husband; but he had never understood his wife. Nineteen years before he had married Susan Leigh for her beautiful face; but the beautiful soul within was not in range of his mental spy-glass; the higher and better part of her nature was an Alpine height he could not scale.

Never till that bright June morning had he known how dear his gentle, patient wife was; never thought her low voice so very musical until her dying blessing fell on his ear; never felt all the comfort of her smiles, until her lips put on the white seal of eternal silence.

For nine and thirty years had Susan Milner been walking upward, on the slippery stones of humble, daily duties, until one summer morning, the pearly gates swung softly open, and the care-worn woman went in.

Her life had been like sunshine in her home, bright, beautiful; but her family were so used to the brightness they did not know it was a part of her, until with her it faded in the "valley of the shadow of death;" then did they feel that in the loving, patient wife, the care-wearied mother, they had "entertained an angel unawares."

It was a sad day for Robert Milner; sad for the year-old baby, who lay in his cradle, cowed by strange faces around him, too timid even to cry for the dear mother he could not see; sad for little Alice, whose young heart ached with a strange sorrow she could not understand; but far more sad for poor plain Margaret, the eldest daughter.

Margaret had stood by her dying mother when the light grew dim in her loving eyes; when the white lids were folded forever; had clasped her thin hand until it grew cold and rigid in her loving hold, and as death rolled the heavy life-burden from the weary mother, the true-hearted child bent low to receive it, never again to lay it down, till, like Christian's, "it was lost in the sepulchre."

The vine-covered windows of the parlor were open, and through them the summer air was stealing to fan with its rose-scented breath the calm face of the dead.

Very lovely was that still, pale face, careworn, but, oh! so gentle, so expressive of all she had been, it seemed the beauty of her holy life, its countless deeds of self-forgetting love and mercy were stamped in that ineffable peace, so strangely beautiful, it could never be forgotten—no, not when her face was hidden forever.

Close by her mother knelt Margaret, her small hands clasped over her aching heart, her tears raining upon the still bosom, for the first time unmindful of her grief.

Young as she was, Margaret had fully understood her mother, and had loved her as only an intense nature can love. In her heart she did not believe the wide earth held another face as beautiful as the still one before her. The soft brown hair, with here and there a thread of silver in its silken waves, looked to her loving eyes well worthy of the "crown of life."

No one but her mother had ever understood poor Margaret; no one else had ever read the truth and beauty of her deep, warm heart. To all save her gentle mother she had always been a shy, plain, and therefore uninteresting, child.

Who but a mother ever cared to read a plain child, who but a mother would find anything to love, even if they did read!

It is a world-received axiom, that a "beautiful child must be good, and a plain child invariably bad."

Poor Margaret felt the bitter truth of this even while her tearful face rested upon her dead mother's bosom. Through the windows she had opened, that the perfume from mother's white rose-bush might once more float over her dear face, came words that darkened her whole life.

Two kind-hearted, but short-sighted neighbors were walking in the garden with Mr. Milner, and speaking of the children.

"Poor little Alice," said the weeping father; "how she will need a mother's care. No one but myself can miss her so much."

"Oh, no, no, no, indeed," echoed the sympathizing neighbors; "it is very sad for the dear little creature to be left so lonely."

"Alice can never bear sorrow like Margaret," said Mrs. Smith; "she is such a sensitive little creature."

"We shall try to comfort little Ally," said Mrs. Brown, one of the committee. "She is such a lovely child, every heart warms toward her. One cannot look at her beautiful face without wishing to guard her from every sorrow."

No one said or thought of poor Margaret, and the desolate child was made strong by this utter forgetfulness of her sorrow.

Brushing the tears from her eyes, as pitying words for Alice fell on her ear, she vowed "the children should never feel their mother's loss if she could supply her place, even if every earthly interest must be sacrificed to their welfare."

From that hour Margaret's path for life was mapped out before her, and with a strong, loving heart she closed the sunny gate of childhood behind her, and stood forth a calm, unselfish woman. Before her mental vision rose mountains of weary toil, deep valleys of unnoticed sorrow, great deserts of loneliness with no oasis of palms, showers of bitter tears that left no rainbow on the sky; but afar off, beyond the last trial, was a clear light shining—the approving smile of her angel mother.

If Mrs. Smith thought Margaret "a girl of no feeling" when her mother died, she was certainly confirmed in the opinion when the funeral came.

With tearless eyes, and a pale, still face, she dressed the children; Robin in his "best white dress, the one he was baptized in;" brushing Ally's silken curls, twining them around her trembling fingers, and laying them in sunny profusion on her snowy shoulders.

Without one jealous feeling, she heard Mrs. Smith's judicious remarks upon the "becomingness of Alice's mourning dress," and Mrs. Brown's equally wise rejoinder, "Yes; and just in proportion as Ally's sweet face looks lovelier, Margaret's dark one is plainer than ever." "Mr. Milner never seems to care for her as he does for Alice, and no wonder! Poor thing, she is very plain." "Strange that Susan Milner should have made the request that the children should be left wholly in Margaret's care."

The words were not meant for either sister; but both heard them, and in each heart brought forth their fitting fruit; in Margaret's, greater self-control, more firmness in her new faith; in Alice's, the germ of the vanity and selfishness which afterwards shadowed her whole life.

Of course, Mrs. Smith, Brown & Co. were at the funeral to see that the mourning was conducted properly, and their feelings were gratified by the "very deep weed" on Mr. Milner's hat, and the suitable flow of tears that dampened his handkerchief. Ah! could they have known how full of remorse was his sorrow, the cornucopias of their very valuable sympathy might not have overflowed as they did; they only saw *orthodox tears*, and gave a full measure of orthodox condolence.

Margaret, with Robin in her arms, trying to suppress every sign of grief, was spoken of as "a strange, heartless girl;" they "pitied the poor children left in her charge."

No one who looked upon the little group of mourners dreamed that the pale, brown face of poor Margaret was the only one whose light had gone out forever! No one thought she had girded the stern armor of duty upon her childish form, and that, placing her foot in the print left vacant by her mother, she went from that new-made grave to live her mother's life.

The day passed, as all days will, whether they fade in crimson splendor over happiness, or droop in starless darkness over broken hearts, and the family was again alone.

The widening circle from the fall of sorrow in the still water of their daily life, had almost ceased to ripple on the low sandy beach of petty cares and trials. The busy hum of midsummer labor was again heard at the farm, and to "the committee" there seemed "little change."

If Margaret had no alloy of heart in her commonplace nature, she was "certainly a good housekeeper." Every task was performed, "as mother used to do it"—everything arranged "as she liked to see it." The small round work-stand, with its basket of unfinished work, her chair, books, and flowers, were all sacred to Margaret.

Robert Milner had awakened to the priceless value of the heart so long his own too late; he was soon buried in his "harvesting and haying," and in the excitement of getting high prices, tried to forget his remorseful sorrow.

Not always do the wings of an ascending angel brush from the hearts left dark by their departing the dust of worldliness; *not always* do tearful eyes look upward. Poor Milner! The "muck-rake" was in his hand; he could only look down—down to the grave of buried happiness—not upward to the life on which *she* had entered.

And was Margaret happy?

Her father, when he thought of her at all, believed she was; Mrs. Smith was certain of it, and Mrs. Brown added, "I have watched her constantly, and I am confident she is not a girl of deep feeling enough to miss her mother."

They did not see the poor girl crying herself to sleep over Robin's silken hair, nor hear the low wail, "Oh, mother! mother!" as every Sunday—for she had no other time—she looked through blinding tears at her mother's last work. Nor did they see her (after a day of weary toil) reading in her mother's old Bible the chapters on which her dim eyes had rested for the last time—kissing, again and again, the tear-stained pages. No!—they saw none of these things.

Before the sun of April had opened the purple buds of the violets Margaret had planted on the grave of her mother, all save the lonely girl had well nigh forgotten there was a vacant place.

Alice had always been her father's favorite child. He was a passionate worshipper of beauty, and as day by day she grew more beautiful, his love and pride deepened together. Then, too, Alice's face was a perfect copy of the one sleeping under the violets, and the tender love, that would have brightened Susan's life, was poured out upon Susan's child by her repentant husband.

Alice inherited her mother's lovely face, her waving brown hair, soft violet eyes, and bright, elastic step; but there the resemblance ended. All her mental and moral qualities were of the same stamp as her father's, cold and selfish.

Of Margaret Mr. Milner seldom thought, and when he did, it was to regret "she was so very plain." He did not know that the true spiritual likeness to Susan lay, not in the pretty Alice, but the plain, quiet Margaret. All his plans were for his beautiful Alice, and he fully resolved that "upon her life should come all the brightness Susan's had wanted."

The only way to Robert Milner's heart—he had such an article—was through his pride; and there are too many like him.

Robin had always been a feeble infant, about whom his father thought and cared little. Sometimes he did "wonder Margaret could keep him so quiet." He did not know the tired arms often held the poor, suffering baby all the long night; that the weary feet would walk until the sky grew red with dawn, lest "he should cry, and trouble father." He did not know that the frail, drooping baby was the dearest thing on earth to Margaret's loving heart.

When June came again, the green sod by Susan Milner's grave was broken up; in the old parlor at the farm-house was a little coffin, and Robin's cradle was empty.

He died in Margaret's arms, his small, thin hand clasped in hers, his last faint breath breathed on her lips.

Again Margaret put on the "best white dress," folded the tiny fingers over a few late violets, smoothed the silken hair over the white forehead, and saw her greatest earthly comfort hidden forever.

Mr. Milner looked sad, and Alice cried very bitterly. Neither of them had ever been remarkable for patience with him in his short, suffering life, still they doubtless missed him.

"Poor Milner, my heart aches for him," said Mrs. Smith, "one trial following another so soon."

Mrs. Brown's surplus sympathy was given to Alice.

"Dear little creature, how I pity her: so fond she was of Robin."

"Margaret must find it a *great relief*, so much care as he was; and I am sure she does, for I was there at the funeral, and she did not shed a tear."

Margaret said nothing. She folded up the little dresses, put by the idle toys, and the medicines no longer needed to soothe her darling, placed a lock of his soft hair in her Bible over a pencil mark she made his hand trace while dying, and worked on.

Years glided slowly by at the farm, leaving as they went their silver traces on Robert Milner's hair—leaving Alice more lovely—Margaret more careworn.

At eighteen Alice was very beautiful. The promise of her childhood was more than fulfilled. There was light in her dark-blue eyes—light on her shining brown hair—grace in her perfectly developed form—music in her silvery voice. No one could watch the delicate loveliness of her young face without a thrill of pleasure. The sisters had always been unlike, and when Margaret was twenty-five, the contrast was so great as to give one the impression that by some strange chance Alice had gained all the summers meant for poor Margaret, and had given the winters of her own eighteen bright years in exchange.

Margaret's face had never been beautiful, and her sad, toilsome life was so stamped upon its grave, pale features, no wonder the superficial world turned from it to the regular beauty of Alice's sun-lit features.

Margaret so truly and tenderly loved her sister that her usually clear vision was blinded to her many faults, and she looked upon her blooming youth with a blending of sisterly and maternal pride, wholly free from envy.

Through great self-denial (for the Milners were not rich) Alice had been sent to a celebrated boarding school, to perfect her in such branches as the high school of their little village could not teach. Alice had written home of "French, Italian, music and painting," until Margaret fondly hoped her sister's mind would be worthy of her lovely face.

At eighteen she left school very unwillingly—not so much on account of her studies, as that she preferred the life and gayety of the large and fashionable school to the quiet of her country home. No thought had she of trying to lighten the cares of her unselfish sister; to help Margaret had never been one of her plans.

So she came home to the loving hearts that awaited her so impatiently, with many accomplishments—a great deal of vanity—and still more selfishness.

Alice was a fine musician, and her music teacher "insisted upon three hours' practice daily." Mr. Julien had exacted a promise that "Corinne De Stael's Germany and 'Dante' should not be forgotten." She had painted some really beautiful pictures; "they would be so lovely, if Margaret could only get handsome frames for them."

And, oh Margaret! they must have new paper for the parlor, and new curtains, before Addy Leighton paid her promised visit. So Margaret gave up the new bonnet and silk dress she had planned for herself; and there was "new paper for the parlor," (Margaret put it on—"new curtains," (Margaret made them,) and "handsome frames for the pictures."

Alice practised, embroidered, read French, Italian, and pressed flowers for Addy Leighton's herbarium, while Margaret performed quietly, patiently, the monotonous, never-ending duties of housekeeper and family seamstress.

CHAPTER II.

For some times before Alice returned from school there had been a new light in Margaret's eyes, a new sweetness in her low, soft voice, which all could see, but no one could explain. I said "no one could explain." Lawrence Hastings could have given the true reason. He, the acquaintance of a few months, could have told those who had known her from childhood what they could never have discovered, that "Margaret could love."

It was not possible for a woman like Margaret to meet such a nature as Lawrence Hastings, and not feel its influence. It was not his handsome person; not the courtly polish of his manners; not his brilliant intellect, that led her proud heart captive. It was something above and beyond all these. She saw in Hastings a nobility knighthood never gave, a *true man—true to himself—his fellow—and his God.*

He was from Philadelphia, and was spending the summer in their quiet village for the benefit of its singularly pure and bracing air. Making his home with his cousin, Col. Grant, he had amused himself by sketching some of the exquisite views around Mr. Milner's home.

It was on one of his sketching days he first met Margaret. There was something in her grave, pale face that attracted him strangely; an inner light shining in her dark gray eyes that he had never seen before, and he longed to read the heart that revealed itself in her quiet, self-poised manner.

Lawrence Hastings was far too well read in the book of human nature to mistake for one moment her quiet for coldness, her self-conquest for indifference. She was too quiet, too self-poised, not to be the result of a life-long effort.

Her low voice thrilled with a vibration heard only where sorrow has the heart strings tuned to its own sad minor key. Her face was not beautiful, but far more magnetic than mere beauty can be. Intellect sat regnant on her broad, pale forehead; a passionate tenderness curved the red of her lips, and slept in the darkness of her soft gray eyes.

It did not need the lustre of a satin robe, or the delicate frost-work of exquisite laces to proclaim her "a lady;" her innate ladyhood was independent of the adjuncts of fashion, so necessary to a different type of woman.

Through the acquaintance of Dr. Grey, Hastings obtained an introduction to Margaret, and soon became a frequent visitor at "Willow Nook," as Alice had christened the old brown farm house, and every day deepened his admiration for the noble-hearted woman—his reverence for the simple truth and beautiful symmetry of her whole character.

Day after day he lingered near her; sometimes reading, in his deep musical voice, an exquisite poem; sometimes telling her his own "hopes for and earnest longings after the true and the beautiful." Sometimes he would sit with her at the close of a long, bright summer day, in the shadow of the magnificent honeysuckle, breathing its passionate fragrance, and watching the lights and shadows of Margaret's expressive face.

Day after day he lingered, and day by day Margaret's dark gray eyes grew more luminous, day by day her rare, beautiful smile grew more frequent, and her pale cheek gathered a glow, warm and bright as a June sunset, until at length the heart that ten years before grew cold and still by her mother's death-bed was raised to a new life by a lover's smile.

The baptism of love had fallen upon her heart, and the care-worn woman bent low to receive its benediction—the baptismal benediction of a strong, true heart's first love.

It was not in Margaret's nature to love lightly, and she gave Lawrence Hastings all the golden treasures of her pure, unselfish heart.

When a woman like Margaret loves, it is once and forever, no lapse of time can dim one tint of the heart-rainbow, formed as it always is of the crystal drops of trust, on the clear sky of undoubting truth.

"True love is humble" is the first article in the confession of faith as set forth by most story writers; but we hold a different creed. As toward the Great Father, "perfect love casteth out fear," so the highest kind of earthly love looks over and beyond the granite barriers of conventional life; sweeps away lightly as a spider's web the *frail distinction* of "different possessions," and stands proudly up on the broad platform of the *soul's equality.*

To her pure, high heart the thought never presented itself that there would be anything strange in the polished, brilliant, wealthy Philadelphian loving her—the grave, toil-worn woman of twenty-five.

She read the book of his glorious intellect far better than any one he had ever met before, reverenced the noble beauty of his nature as no one could whose inmost soul was not tuned to the same grand music that chanted through his life. But in exact proportion as she felt and acknowledged his soul's regal power, so fully did she know she was worthy of him, that "as face answereth to face in water," so the proud nobility of his nature found an answering image in the crystal waters of her own.

And Lawrence! ah! he loved her with the reverential tenderness such a man would feel for such a woman.

He was three or four years older than Margaret, and like her had never loved before. She was the ideal of his manhood's dreams, the "Eve" of his fancied paradise.

His fancy had been sometimes caught by the beauty displayed for his admiration in the exclusive circle to which he belonged; but he very well knew his great wealth came in for the "lion's share" of the bewitching smiles so freely bestowed upon him by fashionable rosy lips—that to his faultless person and patrician name belonged the bright, approving glances of fashionable, starry eyes.

It was "Mr. Hastings, president of the richest bank in Philadelphia," "Mr. Hastings, stockholder in half the railroads of the state" the smiles and glances belonged to, not Lawrence Hastings, the upright, truthful man.

Until he met Margaret he had believed "no woman could fill his heart." It was not external beauty alone he required, but a gentle, womanly heart; not a few superficial accomplishments, but native refinement. His ideal "not only graced her home, but made the very soul and beauty of that home."

He saw Margaret in a plain country home—a quaint old-fashioned house, without one pretty article of furniture save Alice's piano, and saw, too, she could make this old-fashioned house seem the very abode of poetical refinement by her simple presence there. He saw her plainly dressed, no longer young—steadily performing commonplace, homely duties, yet as serenely calm as if every weary task was a measure of some grand music her soul was playing.

He marked the gentle patience with which she bore her father's many caprices, the watchful love anticipating his every want, interesting itself in anything that gave him pleasure, and seeing all this he felt in his utmost soul "here was the most beautiful character he had ever known."

He had not yet spoken of his love to Margaret; the dream-like beauty of the present was

enough. He believed she loved him, that he could win this peerless woman for his own, his pride, his love, his wife.

To a man like him it was no easy thing to tell his love in words, his manner had long since told it. The words once spoken would be binding on his soul for ever, and he could not speak them lightly. Love was to him (as it is to all true hearts) a kind of sacrament, not to be named in idle tones.

While he yet lingered in the vestibule of uncertainty, waiting the fitting moment to enter the beautiful temple of Margaret's assured love, the dreamy spell was broken by the return of Alice.

Lawrence had been absent from Clairville for two weeks to meet his mother at the White Mountains, and found on his return the delicious quiet of the old time gone, and a beautiful butterfly in the guise of a sunny-haired girl of eighteen flitting around the house singing cheery songs—in short he found Alice.

Alice had heard from Addy Leighton, who had lived in Philadelphia, of Lawrence Hastings as the "best match" in the exclusive circle of upper-tendom to which she had looked with longing eyes, but with little hope of ever entering its charmed portals.

On her arrival at home she learned from Jennie Grant of his stay at "the Elms," Mr. Grant's pleasant country house, and her plans were laid, she resolved to storm the fortress of his heart, and carry it by assault.

She knew that she was lovely; that youth, beauty and grace had crowned her with their triple crown, and to her vain little heart the conquest seemed easy.

"How the girls would envy her," and "what would Addy Leighton say!"

The thought never entered her mind that Margaret could be a dangerous rival. She did not know there were charms still more attractive than sunny curls, dimpled hands, and fairy forms; nor did she dream that the still radiance of her sister's life could win the love of such a man far more easily and surely than all her pretty, graceful ways.

But Alice was a woman with all a woman's tact; and one meeting between Hastings and Margaret opened her eyes. She saw his love for Margaret, deep and reverential, and poor Margaret's soul turning to him as the sunflower seeks the sun. All this Alice saw, and at the same time she discovered Hastings was something more, and better than "the best match" of which the school-girls had talked, that his was a heart worth the winning.

Alice was naturally ambitious, and she had seen her wishes the mainspring of the whole machinery of her home, even from her childhood; need we wonder she would not see Margaret's toilsome, self-sacrificing life crowned with such a blessing as the love of this man.

Ambition and pride, the governing elements in her character, for a time strove with principle; but the battle was short; and stifling all remorseful feelings for wronging the sister who had done so much for her, she bent her whole soul to the task of gaining his love.

Never had her beauty been so precious; never her many accomplishments of such value before.

Weeks glided by, until October's rainbow-tinted banner floated from every hill-top, and drooped in crimson splendor over every valley, but still Lawrence lingered.

Never before had Alice's beauty seemed so faultless. Her sweet voice thrilled with a deeper music; her violet eyes shone with a new light; her pure cheek gathered a deeper tint of rose; and all this crowned with a gentle, childlike tenderness was enough to bewilder a stoic.

With a tact so perfect, no one could trace its subtile influence, she was always present when Hastings called; always *happened* to be his companion gathering flowers in the grand old forest, or sketching, with artistic hand, gems from the exquisite landscape around her home. Sometimes she would read in her own liquid tone, and so perfect would be her rendering of the poet's thought, it would seem to be her own.

Hastings was passionately fond of music, and she played and sang with wondrous skill and feeling.

Many were the rides and sails Lawrence planned, in the hope of seeing Margaret for one moment alone, but there seemed a strange fate that always prevented the accomplishment of his wish! however large the company Addy Leighton, Jennie Grant, or Alice, were (he could not tell how) always assigned to him.

Alice was "wise in her generation;" and she liked well to have *her dear friends* Addy and Jenny with her, for she well knew she was far superior to them, both in personal beauty and mental gifts; but Margaret was different. So Alice kept the house full of company, and Margaret found little time to join in any of the gayety! So many were her cares.

Lawrence had never for one moment faltered in his allegiance to Margaret. He admired Alice, loved to watch the delicate beauty of her fair young face, and listened with pleasure to her sweet voice interpreting some of the heart-throbs of the great masters of song; but it was only "Margaret's lovely sister" he saw.

There was not one particle of jealousy in Margaret's nature; and, until one she loved was proved beyond all doubt unworthy of her regard, she never for one moment doubted them.

Loving so truly, so entirely herself, she never distrusted others; so when at times she thought with tender longing of the "dear, quiet days before Alice came," she would check the feelings of regret, and chide herself as selfish. "Surely she could not grudge her young sister any pleasure; all those drives, rides, sails, and walks, were so delightful to Alice after her long confinement at school." "Alice could not know how much the gay company she gathered about her, added to her sister's cares." Besides all these good reasons for patience, "she had the dear remembrance of so many delightful days, when, with only Lawrence she had walked in the deep-green wood, or sailed on the placid bosom of the lake."

One evening Margaret came home after an absence of a night and day spent at the bed-side of little Effie Lane, a frail, delicate child whose likeness to Robin had awakened her love.

It was the first time it had been an effort to do Effie's bidding, for that day Lawrence had said, with a look that sent the color to her pale face, "Margaret, will you walk with me to the cascade to-night? I have much to say to you."

He had never called her Margaret before, and a deep, serene happiness filled her heart, and almost transfigured her face.

As Lawrence looked at the inner light shining through her pale, dark face, and brightening it into more than beauty, he felt her name had been rightly chosen; she was to him "a pearl" of priceless value.

A sweet voice singing a soft Italian air, checked the words crowding to his lips, and veiling the joyous light in his eyes, he turned to greet Alice, who came in dressed for a ride, in her pretty and becoming habit.

With a glad smile to Margaret, Hastings left the room to accompany Alice to the village church, where she and Jennie Grant were to practice some beautiful volantaries he had been teaching them.

They had been gone but a short time when a message came from Mrs. Lane: "Effie was very ill; won't Margaret come for a little while, as no one could soothe her!"

Dr. Grey brought the message, and "would drive her there if she could go."

A ready "yes" came from her lips, as cheerfully as if the little word cost nothing.

Many were the days and nights she had spent by the bed of the suffering child, holding the wasted little form in her arms, and soothing her pain by loving words and tender caresses.

Sometimes she would sing sweet hymns of that "happy land" toward which the weary little feet were tending; or she would talk to her of "the loving Saviour who took the children up in His arms and blessed them," until Effie's face would soften from its look of pain, to one of perfect peace.

Margaret had never refused to go to her, and she could not say "no," even if the promised walk must be given up. "Lawrence placed duty first," and she felt sure he would say "she ought to go."

For the whole of the long night and longer day, Margaret watched by the side of the suffering child, and only left when Effie had fallen into a deep, quiet sleep, the first for many days. Promising "to return if Effie needed her," she bade the poor mother "good-bye," and turned her steps homeward.

Never had the three miles walk seemed so short before.

It was a lovely evening, and the soft light of the setting sun fell upon a landscape of exquisite beauty. Tall groups of ash trees stood like Tyrian Princes in their purple robes; while close beside, the maples waved their banners of crimson and gold in the soft evening breeze.

Margaret's path lay through the forest, in which was the cascade; and she paused beneath the drooping boughs of an elm to watch the glancing waters, leaping from rock to rock, and at last falling in one unbroken sheet of silver, to the liquid sound of their own music, into a rocky basin, whose moss-draped sides lay at her feet.

For a moment she stood still, her very soul in a trance of joy, as the soft, sylvan beauty of the scene stole over her.

Her heart was full of the new joy that had been brightening its eastern sky for the few months she had known Hastings; and now poured the golden radiance of his *assured love* over its whole blue dome.

One moment poor Margaret looks with those happy eyes upon the radiant scene! one moment more, and the cup of bliss now sparkling at thy lips will be broken—broken forever.

But the moment will not stay. A brightly-tinted autumn leaf floated (like a tropical bird) slowly to the ground, and Margaret's eye following its fall, saw it drop at Alice's feet.

How beautiful she looked in the soft glow of sunset. A dress of deep crimson contrasted with the sea-shell fairness of her face; her bright hair falling in shining curls over her shoulders; and her attitude the perfection of grace.

Margaret's first feeling of loving pride in her sister was changed to one of pity, as she made a step forward, and the rustling of the leaves aroused Alice from her reverie; for on looking up she disclosed a pale, tearful face.

But the pale face flushed scarlet as she met the glance of Margaret's loving eye fixed upon her.

"Alice! little Alice! are you hurt, my darling?" And Margaret's arms were around her, and drawing the bright head to her bosom, she pressed upon cheek, lip and brow, her tenderest kisses. Margaret gently tried to take the little white hands, clasped together so passionately, and as she raised them an exquisite miniature of Lawrence met her startled gaze. Alice (answering the question of her sister's eye) said, in a low, broken voice—

"He is gone, and gave me this;" and she placed the picture in her hand. "This morning a telegram came; his mother was ill—they feared dying—and must see him again. He left a good-bye for you."

Alice had looked down while she was speaking; but so long a silence followed, that she ventured to look at Margaret, and the still, white look of agony on her face, haunted her to her grave.

The waves of Margaret's hair, loosened by her rapid walk, fell over her death-pale face; her dark gray eyes, so full of happy light, (only a moment before) were dilated with a look of such utter desolation, Alice turned away sick at heart.

Even Alice's selfish heart was for the moment touched at the white, still face before her, and an exclamation of terror from her recalled Margaret's self-possession. She passed her hand over her tearless eyes, then stooped and kissed her sister, saying, in her own soft voice:

"So you love him, little Alice! I did not dream of this. God bless you, my dear sister! You shall tell me all about it, my love, but not to-night—I am so tired."

Not a tear dimmed the sad darkness of her eyes; not a throb of sorrow in the clear voice told the desolation that had fallen upon her life; and so soon had she regained her usual quiet, self-possessed manner, Alice could hardly believe she was not dreaming. "Could this calm Margaret be the heart-broken girl who had started her selfish heart into pity by her despairing face?"

Alice had sounded with selfish accuracy the depths of her sister's unselfish love, and she was confident "Margaret would die sooner than cause her one sorrow."

Alice was right; by her confession of love for Hastings, she had placed a barrier between him and Margaret—a barrier so high it could not be passed.

On reaching home, Alice went to her own room, with the picture for which she had paid such a price clasped in her hand, and a note she dared not destroy lying a mountain's weight upon her heart.

Alone in her room, she took with a trembling hand the little note, and read for the hundredth time the tender words Hastings had written for other eyes than hers.

"DEAR MARGARET,—My mother is ill—they fear, dying—and I cannot stay to speak the words I would have spoken—to ask your love; but this ring and picture will tell the story of my love for you. If you can accept them, dear Margaret, and the heart that goes with them, you will crown my life with perfect happiness.

"Your own LAWRENCE."

For one moment Alice half resolved to seek her sister, and place in her toil-worn hand the little golden circle, on the outside of which glittered a costly diamond, and whose inner side bore the still more precious gem—the words, "The Lord bless thee."

For a moment Alice's good angel stood beside her, pleading with her to "confess all to that dear sister, and trust her forgiving love;" but the tempter came with the subtile words—"Margaret would not marry him, knowing you loved him;" and alone, on that holy autumn eve—under the eyes of the watching stars, she listened to the old, old story, "All this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

The picture and ring were enclosed in a box, and hidden secretly, "where they would not trouble her." Ah! poor Alice! There is *no place where sin can hide—no place where the viper may be fed, where he will not sting!*

While Alice was thus sealing her own and her sister's doom, Margaret was in her chamber, kneeling by her mother's old Bible, and trying to find light for the thorny path she must henceforth tread.

Perfectly truthful herself, she did not distrust others, but judged them by her own high standard. To her truthful nature, the bitterest part of her great trial was the thought, "Lawrence had deceived her." To sorrow she was inured, but to be compelled to admit "he was false," was a trial, the like of which for bitterness she had never known before.

True, he had not spoken his love in words, but every look and tone told her "she was the one of all the wide world to him." "It must be Alice's beauty that had come between them," and she felt as if "that fatal beauty had cursed her whole life." The sad remembrance of her neglected childhood (after her mother's death) rose darkly before her; the many comments upon her "plain face and unattractive manner," in contrast to "Alice's loveliness and wonderful grace,"—nay, she had herself widened the gulf between them, by giving Alice every advantage—sparing her every trial, and taking upon herself every hardship. "It was all plain," and her despairing soul received the whole bitter truth. "Alice was a young, beautiful, graceful, accomplished girl," and "she a plain, toil-worn woman, no longer young." "No wonder even Lawrence should turn from the shadow in which I live, to the sunny upland where she stands," was the mournful verdict of her heart.

"Why, oh why! was I blind enough to think he could love me after seeing Alice. That walk by the cascade was only to tell me of his love for her."

Then came the dear remembrance of "looks and tones that could mean nothing but love. Could it be he was false to both?" "Then Alice's pale, tearful face, her burning blush, and downcast eyes; could she have deceived her?"

"What does it all mean?"

Bitter was the storm that swept over her soul, and the sorrow she tried to hide, that "it might not grieve Alice," was suffered to pour its pitiless rain upon her, now she was alone.

"The fountains of the great deep were broken up," and for a time all the old landmarks, even the "high mountains," her childlike trust, were covered by the deluges that had swept over her world.

It was no new thing for Margaret to pray in time of trouble; the way to the mercy seat was no untrodden path, but well worn by her weary feet in every grief of her trial-lined path.

So Margaret prayed; and as once over the storm-lashed sea of Galilee the voice of the Holy One spake "Peace, be still," so over the black waves of her despair breathed "a still, small voice," and, as ever, "there was a great calm."

Thus the barque of earthly hope was wrecked forever on the sunken rocks of treachery; but the life-boat of Faith had been sent to the rescue, and in its safe shelter the poor half-drowned mariner sped over the wreck-strewn sea, to cast a golden anchor "within the veil."

The prayer begun in despair, ended in submission. "If this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done."

Margaret arose from her knees with a light on her face it had never worn before. "If it was the Master's will that all her life-path should lie up Calvary's rugged side—bearing a cross and crowned with thorns—so be it; there would come a time when his loving voice would say, "It is finished." Beyond the Calvary of suffering lay the bright Bethany of ascension.

It was near midnight. High in a heaven of cloudless splendor rode the moon, crowned with her full-orbed glory, circled by countless glittering stars. Through the vine-covered window of her little room the white radiance of the moonlight fell, and through the same leafy screen stole the soft music of the cascade; she could almost see in the distance the silvery glancing of its waters.

A strange longing came over her to stand alone by the waterfall—alone in the holy hush of midnight—alone with her great sorrow.

With noiseless step she descended the stairs, and softly unclosed the door. The narrow path leading down the hill, and across the meadow, gleamed like a line of silver in the moonlight; not a breath stirred the rainbow splendor of the wood; no sound, save the liquid fall of water, disturbed the silence of the night.

So near to the cascade, that the spray of its falling waters hung over it in wreaths of snowy vapor, was a large gray rock, covered with moss of the softest pile and deepest green.

Margaret had always loved this mossy rock, and often during the bright summer past she had been there with Lawrence. To her fever-haunted brain no spot on earth seemed like that rock. Once there, she could cool the burning pain that bound her forehead like an iron crown in that starry mist, and hold her hands in those crystal waters, until some of their coolness went up to her heart.

She reached the rock; the mist fell over her, and lay in shining drops on her dark hair. Farther and farther away grew the music of the waterfall, until she fancied it the organ in their village church, and Alice playing the beautiful anthem, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace." Softer and fainter grew the words, "perfect peace, perfect peace," and then came a long blank.

Day was breaking in the east—a dawn of regal splendor; long shafts of golden light crept up the glowing sky; the songs of innumerable birds joined in that grand chorus, heard nowhere but in the forest at daybreak—stole over Margaret's bewildered brain, and slowly she awoke to consciousness.

A strange weariness seemed to paralyze her whole frame. She was dimly conscious of some great sorrow lying upon her heart, and crushing out all its life. "What was it?" she asked herself as she put back the wet hair from her cold face. "What had she lost?—who was gone? It was her mother, or Robin"—for as over their green graves the purple violets of spring and the plumed grasses of summer had bloomed for ten years, so over those sacred sorrows blossomed, in her loving heart, the white lilies of submission.

Slowly, and with heavy steps, she crept down from her mossy throne, vainly trying to recall "what it was that had broken her heart."

Still too bewildered to know where she was going, she entered the narrow path that led through the wood, and turned her steps, not homeward, but toward Mrs. Lane's.

"Margaret!" called the kind voice of Dr. Grey, "I have come for you—Effie is dying! But I see you were so anxious, you could not wait for morning to go to her again."

The sight of her wan face, as she looked up, touched the kind heart of the good old Doctor; but thinking only of her watching by Effie as the reason, he said gently:

"I am afraid we are overtasking your strength, Margaret, by so much watching. You look far more like a sick-bed yourself, than taking care of others. My poor child, you are ill!" he said, as he took her hand, to assist her into his carriage.

"Not ill, but a little tired," was her answer. "Don't think of me, Dr. Grey."

There was a something in her tone that forbade any other remark upon her evident illness, and Dr. Grey, with thoughtful kindness, spoke only of Effie.

Many years had the good Doctor known and loved Margaret—aye, he had known and loved her mother; had loved her with a tenderness Robert Milner never gave. For the sake of Susan Leigh had he been content to pass his life alone, and now, as he drew near the sunset, his true heart yearned over Susan's child. There was nothing on earth so dear to the old man's heart, beside the violet-covered grave, as Margaret. The only being who held a place near her was Lawrence Hastings.

For years it had been the darling hope of his life to see Margaret the wife of Lawrence; but love was in his eyes far too holy for any hand, even one so true as his own, to guide.

With the clear vision of one whose interest is deep, whose regard genuine, Dr. Grey had read Hastings's heart, and found there a love, pure, reverential, tender; a love such as, thirty years before, he had given Susan Leigh; and this priceless treasure was Margaret's. He hoped, and believed, this love was returned; that his lone old heart might be brightened by the happiness of the two beings he loved best on earth.

The sight of little Effie aroused Margaret from the lethargy into which she had fallen, and brought back all the past in one great wave of anguish. All, all came vividly back—her sorrow, her prayer, her heaven-sent victory; and as the sea of her desolate future rolled its black waves before her, the uplifted rod of the "More than Prophet" made for her a path through its darkness.

Effie's little arms were outstretched to her, and the pale face brightened as she whispered softly, "I am almost home."

All look of suffering was gone from the sweet features, and the light from beyond the river was shining on its wasted beauty.

Margaret took the slight form in her arms, and pressed upon the pale, cold forehead the tender kisses that had so often soothed her pain away.

"I have a little gift for you, Miss Margaret—a locket Cousin Lawrence Hastings gave me, with a lock of his hair, and I have put a curl of mine with it for you." Effie lifted her feeble arms, and threw the glittering chain over Margaret's neck. "You will keep it always, and wear it for my sake." And the gentle eyes looked up lovingly to her face.

Poor Margaret! She could not refuse the gift of the dying child she loved so well; but it bound her throat like a chain of fire.

"I will keep it, Effie, dear, for your sake," and her voice told nothing of the suffering it would be to wear his hair upon her heart, or the crucifixion that little golden cross would be to her.

"Sing to me, Margaret, dear!—once more, and then I can sleep," whispered Effie.

Soft and clear rose Margaret's voice, on the sweet strains of that matchless hymn, "Come, let us join our friends above," and she sang it as she only could sing. When the first soft notes rose on the morning air, the frail barque, worn, and shattered by the storms of nine short years of suffering, was sailing, slowly and peacefully, out on the great ocean whose turbid waves break in solemn music on the shores of both worlds. When the last strain died in silence, the port was gained, and the anchor dropped in the calm harbor of eternal life.

Dr. Grey took Effie from Margaret's arms, saying:

"Your labor of love is finished, Margaret, for her." Somewhere there is a promise—'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'"

There was nothing more to do for Effie, and Margaret turned her steps homeward. Dr. Grey, troubled at the deepening color on her usually pale face, begged her to let him drive her home, but she refused. She dared not trust her self-control with one who loved her so tenderly.

"No; the walk would do her good; it was nothing for one so used to long walks, and the morning was delightful."

A fever was already burning in her veins, and the thought of the cool, dim wood seemed a shelter even from the eyes of love—even the true, deep love Dr. Grey had always given her.

She had almost reached the waterfall, when Johnny White, the boy who carried the few dailies taken outside the village, rode up on his morning round.

"Oh, Miss Milner! here's yer father's Times; and there's been an awful accident on the railroad—more than fifty killed and wounded!"

Margaret took the paper from the boy's hand, and he rode away, eager to spread the news.

With a sinking heart she read the telegraphic despatch. A moment more, and with a wild cry she fell prone on the earth in merciful unconsciousness.

The path was an unfrequented one, and Margaret lay for hours on the damp ground, while the bright autumn leaves fell over her, and the bright autumn sun looked down in his noonday glory upon her humble bed.

Margaret was awakened from her trance by the tender voice of Dr. Grey, as he lifted her gently to his carriage.

Unable to dismiss his anxiety, he had hurried through his morning round of visits, and started for Mr. Milner's, feeling confident he should find her ill. He had found her lying on the ground, white and cold, at the first glance he feared dead. He raised her gently in his arms, and a glance at the paper tightly clasped in the cold hand, told him the whole story—first in the fatal list of "killed" was "Lawrence Hastings."

The true, tender heart, that for thirty years had been faithful to its early love for Susan Leigh, lifted gently her suffering child, saying softly to himself: "Who should care for Susan's child, when her heart is broken, if not I!"

Dr. Grey had never thought of Alice as "Susan's child," despite the strong likeness she bore to her mother; for he saw, as Robert Milner never saw, that the mother's real likeness was not in the beautiful Alice, but the neglected Margaret.

From the hour, ten years before, when he found her kneeling by her mother's grave, and pouring the rain of her passionate tears on its violet covered turf, he had taken the lonely girl to his heart, and vowed to shield her life from every sorrow, and to brighten it with every joy in his power.

How well he had kept his vow poor Margaret knew. Almost the only joys of her neglected girlhood she owed to his thoughtful kindness. Old enough to be her father, and a distant relative of her mother's, he came and went, free from the gossip of the "Committee." His valuable and extensive library always at her disposal, was taxed for the cultivation of her mind; and he had himself turned her lonely studies in the direction best calculated to perfect the brilliant powers with which nature had endowed her.

And now his darling's heart was broken—broken just when he hoped to see it crowned with a love that even his partial eyes could see was worthy of her. No wonder the tears he could not shed over *his* broken life, rained upon Margaret's white face as he softly put back the waves of dark hair from her forehead and kissed it reverently, saying, "God help thee, my poor darling, my precious Margaret."

October's glories were all burned out; and dark, drear November brooded over the desolate earth, before Margaret awoke to consciousness.

For many weeks she had been face to face with Death, and all thought he would prove victorious in the fearful conflict; but at length the fever left her, and she awoke free from delirium.

Through her long illness, Dr. Grey had watched her with untiring love, and his anxious face was the first one that met her eyes, when her long banished reason returned.

Gladly would the faithful heart have lain on the altar of sacrifice, if by so doing her life could have gained one ray of sunshine, her poor tried heart one throb of pleasure.

The tender sympathy stamped on his grave face as he bent over her, and the earnest "thank God you are spared to me, Margaret," told her *how* dear she was to his heart; but its tenderness seemed to unfold to her all the crushing sorrow of the past; all the lonely future.

Before her stretched a sandy desert. The love she thought a very "Elim," with "shadowing palm, and sparkling fount," was only a false mirage. The unshadowed path looked long, and to her weary feet seemed hard to tread; but her courage did not falter. The years might be long, *but they would end;* the path was full of thorns, *yet the last painful step would one day be taken*, and then, (oh! the inexpressible of the word) *the rest lay beyond.*

Hope had folded her bright wings, and lay dead; but over her bier the white dove of Peace was brooding.

Sometimes, not always, nor often, is the thorny path over which martyr feet have been made willing to tread long, weary years, made shorter; and even while the patient spirit is girding itself for the journey, a "come up hither is spoken."

The rest was nearer than she deemed.

On her bed of pain and weakness, Margaret planned her future; "for every sorrow she had known there should be an answering joy, if she could bring it to some other heart. Duty, no matter in what form it came, should be henceforth the synonym of happiness."

So Margaret planned; but her Father (the Great Father whose love we so often doubt) had other and far brighter plans.

Through Margaret's long illness, Alice had suffered such an agony of remorse as might almost have won her pardon. From the moment when with death-white face she stood beside her sister's bed, and heard her unconscious lips tell the pitiful story of her broken heart, a fountain of love was unsealed in her own heart, and all Margaret had done for her, all she had been to her, stood before her in living colors.

"And this dear, dear sister was dying by her hand."

Had Lawrence only lived, she would have humbled her pride, and confessed all; but he was gone, and there seemed no way by which her crooked path might be made straight. She had "sown to the wind, and was reaping the whirlwind." Could she have bought their happiness with her life, she would gladly have done so.

The newly awakened love of her sister was an inexpressible comfort to Margaret. Judging Alice by herself, she had given her deepest sympathy, although unspoken to her. Knowing what it would have been to her to have lost that heart when it was all her own, she tried by tender look and loving tone, to express her sisterly pity in this deep sorrow.

With deep regret she saw the change a few weeks had made in her darling; the pale face, and beautiful violet eyes dim with watching and weeping; the sad drooping air, so different from the Alice of other days. The pretty, light-hearted girl was gone, and in her place was a gentle, patient woman.

There was one mystery which Margaret tried in vain to solve: "why Alice never mentioned his name." In other days, every joy or sorrow had been poured into her ear; why should she in this first real trial stand apart—neither asking, nor apparently wishing for sympathy.

Toward Margaret her manner was humble, tender, almost reverential. No care of, or watching with Margaret wearied her.

Poor Alice! her penitence had come too late; she could not untangle the web her own fingers had wrought; but it was not too late to throw a star-beam across her sister's way, as she turned aside from the crowded path for the narrow one leading down to the valley of shadows.

Autumn waned. Soft fell the feathery snows of winter, until earth was wrapped in her spot-

less robe, and still Margaret faded. Dr. Grey came daily; but all his skill could do nothing for a broken heart.

Dearly as he loved Margaret, his one treasure, he could not wish her stay, when he thought of the life that had been his for thirty years.

Alice watching with loving eyes her now precious sister, knew that the call to "go up higher," had been spoken; that just as she had learned the value of her pearl, it was slipping from her grasp.

The only one of the little group who could claim happiness, was Margaret; to her the "darkness was past, and the true Light was shining"

The long, dreary desert path was lying behind and from the Pisgah where she stood, the "green fields of Canaan lay full in her view."

At her own request she was to receive the holy communion once more on Christmas eve.

The evening came, it was a night of wondrous beauty. In, regal splendor, on a sky of cloudless blue, thick sown with stars, rode the vestal moon, and her white radiance fell like sheets of silver on the snow-wrapped earth.

In the quaint old parlor at the farm-house a holy quiet reigned. Softly reclining on a white drift of pillows lay Margaret, her pale, spiritual face already brightened by the upper light dawning for her.

It was a beautiful picture, that little group gathered about the dying girl. Close by Margaret's couch was Dr. Grey, holding her transparent hand in his, and looking with unutterable tenderness on the dear face so soon to be hidden for ever. Alice knelt at her sister's feet; her bright hair fell over them, and her bitter tears fell like winter rain to freeze upon her own heart.

Mr. Vane, the clergyman, stood before Margaret, with her mother's old Bible open in his hand. Very dear he was to Margaret, this good old man. He had sprinkled her baby forehead with the waters of baptism—had buried her mother and Robin, and now waited to join with her once more in the feast below ere she went up to drink the "new wine in her Father's house."

Suddenly there sounded on the solemn stillness of the night the sound of bells, not the soft, merry ring of bells sounding for pleasure, but the quick, hard ring, given only when horses are at their utmost speed.

The bells ceased to ring at the gate, then followed a rapid step, and Lawrence Hastings stood before them.

Had one risen in very deed from the dead the surprise could not have been greater.

A deep scarlet swept over Margaret's pale face, and her thin hands were stretched out in welcome. There was no need to speak, in that one glance each read the other's heart—each saw what the other had suffered.

He knelt by Margaret; but before he could speak, poor Alice, through streaming tears and choking sobs, had told her story—the story so well known to the reader. She told it all, her love, her temptation, her long agony as she watched her dying sister! "Could they! could Margaret forgive her?" and gliding from the room, she returned after a moment's absence with the picture, note and ring.

Margaret's thin arms were thrown around Alice's neck, and the seal of her forgiveness pressed upon her lips.

A bitter wave swept over Lawrence's soul. "Could he forgive one who had broken the heart, dearest to him on earth?" but the holy light in Margaret's eyes shone softly into his own, and changed the negative to a cordial "yes." "As God has forgiven me—I forgive you, Alice."

Then taking the glittering ring from Alice's hand he placed it upon Margaret's transparent finger, saying softly, "Margaret, will you wear this ring until we meet again? It will not be long, my darling—but for the little time you can stay will you be my wife?"

Still kneeling by Margaret, and holding her hand clasped close in his, Hastings heard the solemn words spoken that made them one.

"Thank God, Margaret, my own at last," he whispered as he rose from his knees, and folded her to his heart.

It was long past midnight, and Christmas morning, Margaret's birthday, was already dawning in the sky, as with her hand close clasped in Lawrence's, she drew near the river.

Nearer swept the waves—already the spray was cold on Margaret's happy face; when together they celebrated their first and last communion.

It was a strange bridal feast—that communion for the dying.

Together they took the holy bread, and drank the consecrated wine. Reverently they bowed their heads for the benediction; and then—as once the mantle of the ascended prophet parted the waters of Jordan for Elisha's steps—a holier than Elijah's mantle, the robe of the Crucified, touched the Jordan of death—and Margaret went over to keep her Christmas birthday at home.

Alchemy.

The London *Notes and Queries* publishes the following "strange story," which, it adds, has never been "made a note of:"—"Mr. Malcolm Kinnear, in his Travels in Asia Minor, Armenia, in the year 1813, relates that the British resident at Balsora, Mr. Colquhoun, was visited by an Arabian philosopher, who sought with him protection from certain Arabs who had purposed to torture him out of the secret which he possessed of making gold, and from whose power he had just escaped. He proffered to perform this in Mr. C.'s presence, and accordingly, after retiring for a few moments, returned with a crucible and chafing-dish of coals. When the former had become hot, he took four papers, each containing a whitish powder, out of his pocket, and asked Mr. C. to fetch him a piece of lead. Mr. C. went into his study, took four bullets, weighed them, and returned. These the alchemist put into the crucible, and the whole was immediately fused. After twenty minutes he desired Mr. C. to take it off the fire, and put it in the air to cool. The contents were then removed by Mr. C., and proved to be a piece of *gold*, valued at ninety piastres, (somewhere about £23,) and *exactly the weight of the four bullets*—the which he left with Mr. C., and engaged to return next day. That night he was carried off by the Sheik of Grani, (whence he had escaped,) with a body of armed men, and never again, says Mr. Kinnear, heard of.

☞ Little minds ignore their own weakness, and carp at the defects of the great; but great minds are sensible of their own faults, and largely compassionate toward inferiors.

☞ Any fool may start a humbug, but it takes a genius to carry one on.

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☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 8 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

CHEAP MEAT.

At the present time, when the prices of all kinds of meat are so very high, our attention has been naturally very strongly attracted by various articles in the English periodicals, headed "BEEF AT THREEPENCE A POUND."

It appears that the vast herds of South American cattle are being at last turned to account in relieving the struggling poor of Europe. We all have read of the waste of meat on the great plains of South America—hundreds of thousands of cattle being annually slaughtered simply for their hides—but now this immense waste is in process of being arrested. Already South American beef, "jerked" as it is termed, is being imported by the hundreds of tons into England—and the poor especially are receiving it as a perfect God-send. It is retailed in England at threepence a pound, and is said to contain about three times the nutriment of fresh or salted undried meat. The following is the manner of preparing it in Uruguay, from which country so far it principally comes:—

STATEMENT OF PROCESS OF CURING SOUTH AMERICAN BEEF, BY MR. DANIEL WILLIAMS, LATELY AN EXTENSIVE CURER OF THE ARTICLE.

1st. The cattle are selected on the estancies or farms, where they are grass-fed; when fat, they are brought to the killing establishments, where they are slaughtered by being pithed and oled.

2d. The hide is taken off and the carcase hung up in the shambles, and the beef stripped off the bones and allowed to cool, when it is placed on a table, and jerked or cut up into thin flitches, so as to allow it to dry and cure properly.

3d. Good Cadiz or Lisbon salt is then brought to the salting floor, which is boarded and channelled to allow the brine to run off into small cisterns made to receive it. The beef is then salted in a pile, the flitches being carefully spread out. In this state it remains twelve hours, when it is turned over, and again carefully spread out (*turned over,*) and a little fresh salt added where required, and allowed to remain twelve hours longer.

4th. The next day the beef is put out in the sun on rails to dry—an operation of two days—each day taken in at night and put out again in the morning; the greatest care being taken to keep it from getting wet. The third day it is left in pile, and in a few days again spread out, for about six hours, on a very fine day; and as soon as the moisture is dried off it, the beef is ready to be shipped, or put into pile or stacks.

ENGLISH DIRECTIONS FOR COOKING SOUTH AMERICAN DRIED BEEF.

Steep the beef for three or four hours, or wash it well in hot water.

1st. Cut it in small pieces, about an inch square; simmer it by the fire for one and a half hours; add potatoes, pepper, and onions; and again cook slowly until ready. It will then be found a very good Irish stew.

2d. Mince, in the form of mince collops; cook it slowly, and when ready mix it up with mashed potatoes. It may then be put in a dish and browned in the oven.

3d. Cut into pieces and after simmering an hour and a half, add turnips, carrots, or other vegetables, such as used in a haricot.

4th. It will also make very good pea-soup, and is also used in first-class hotels for giving a delightful flavor to all kinds of soup, particularly to kidney and other similar classes. In short, a good housewife will find a hundred ways of making it available and agreeable.

5th. It can be used as mince collops, without potatoes; and a fillet is sometimes taken, rolled up and spiced in the form of a beef ham, which must be cooked slowly.

Mr. Warriner, Instructor of Cookery to the English Army, gives the following instructions for cooking: "Wash well and steep in water for three hours; beat well with a mallet or rolling-pin; place in boiling water and boil for five minutes, and throw away the water; then cut into small pieces. For stock or gravy, it should be cut very thin, and a piece of fat salt pork boiled with it."

The *London Daily News* says:—

"Cheap as is the manner of preparation, the meat is really a great deal cheaper than the price expresses. One pound of the beef thus prepared contains as much nutriment as three pounds of ordinary fresh or salt meat, and therefore the price really is equivalent to *a penny a pound*. And of this meat it is stated that from the River Plate alone two hundred and fifty millions of pounds, or enough to supply what is equal to thirty pounds of fresh beef to each head of our population, is awaiting export at the price stated. Thus, for half-a-crown a year, every man, woman, and child in these islands might have a dinner of half a pound of beef at least once a week throughout the year; and if it be suggested that such a new demand would certainly raise the price, it may be further remembered that the account we have quoted refers only to a single station of export, and that there are many others which doubtless will be ready to come into the market as soon as a market is found.

"The question of availing ourselves of this new and bountiful supply must, of course, depend upon whether the article is palatable as well as nutritious. But on this head sufficient evidence seems to exist that it can at least be so prepared as to be highly palatable. Dinners have been given in Edinburgh and Glasgow, at which the meat, stewed in a variety of ways—it seems to be impenetrable to mere boiling—has been presented, and met with the approbation of both working men and of those of the wealthier classes who brought more critical palates to the feast. It is stated, also, that hotels have found it useful in communicating a richer flavor to soups and gravies. Scientific men have also examined it, and pronounce it to be perfectly well cured and thoroughly wholesome. Being wholly grass fed, it is less fat than the meat we are accustomed to in this country; it is also of more mature age; and these facts account for the superior richness of the extract it furnishes. Whether the whole supply may be of equally good quality and equally well prepared with what has already been experimented on remains, of course, to be seen."

The Rector of Castle Froome in Herefordshire, says of the Jerked Beef, "The consumption of the beef is a proof of its value, but the following are some of the remarks of the cottagers:—'I can carry a greater weight since I have eaten the beef.' 'I do not eat nearly so much bread as formerly.' 'I do not get hungry so soon as I did.' 'Wait till the harvest, and I will show them how to use the sickle.' I have said to some cottagers, 'Your children look stronger since they have eaten the beef.' Some cottagers and some children cannot eat the beef, but the great majority of them like it. There are two kinds of beef, the dried and the pickled beef. Many cottagers buy the dried beef, because they think it more economical; but I prefer the pickled beef. The cottagers in this neighborhood seldom taste fresh beef or mutton, the introduction therefore of the Montevideo beef is of great benefit to them. I make almost daily excellent pea-soup from it, either for my own table, or for distribution to the poor."

Now the deduction from the above facts is evident. What is good and cheap eating for Englishmen will be equally good and cheap for Americans. If jerked beef can be retailed at threepence in England, it can be retailed here when the currency is at the gold standard, for six cents. The present price would of course be about twelve cents—and, if the nutritive quality of the jerked beef be only even equal to that of our usual fresh and salted meat, it would be, at twelve cents, very cheap indeed.

Again, the supply, coming simply from Uruguay, has probably only begun to be reached. The vast plains of Buenos Ayres, Bolivia, and Brazil, if we are not misinformed, abound with cattle, of which the value there is next to nothing. The exportation of Jerked Beef once fairly commenced, and the price may sink even to three and four cents a pound. If these things be so, this matter will probably soon receive the attention of some of our enterprising merchants, and before long we shall see in the papers of our principal cities advertisements of Jerked Beef at from ten to twelve cents a pound.

——Since writing the above, we have been told by one of our elderly citizens, that Jerked Beef was imported into this country from Monte Video, in considerable quantities, about fifty or sixty years ago. The increase of our own cattle was probably the reason of the discontinuance of the trade. For, about forty years ago, an excellent roasting-piece of beef could be purchased in the Philadelphia market for five cents a pound, and a good saddle of mutton for three to four cents. Now, even when meat is considered cheap, it is more than double those old-time prices—and the Jerked Beef trade has a new opportunity.

A LARGE BUSINESS.

In the course of some recent articles on the paper question, a New York contemporary gives some statistical information relative to the business of the news-agents of that city. It says:—

"Ten years ago, the whole amount of business done by the wholesale news-agents did not probably exceed in amount the sum of $750,000 yearly. At present the cash receipts of the American News Company of this city for the sale of newspapers, magazines, books, and stationery, for the eleven months ending with the thirty-first of December last, have reached the sum of $2,226,372 83. We learn from the office of that company, that probably forty millions of newspapers were handled within that time by persons in the employ of the company, of whom seventy were constantly occupied in getting them in, charging, distributing, and shipping them. For wrapping paper and twine, with which to pack this enormous mass, the company paid twelve thousand dollars."

Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Grey.

A mixed white and black, or grey, has been the Christian emblem of bodily death, and of the immortality of the spirit. European mourning is first black, then grey, and at length white, a threefold symbol of immortal life springing from the bosom of death.

In the religious pictures of the Middle Ages, grey represents the resurrection of the dead, and particularly of the body; the union of the two colors which distinguish divinity and matter, expresses sufficiently well this doctrine of the soul finding a new corporeal substance in its new country. These observations do not arise from original ideas, however, but are borrowed from an author who claimed to have adopted them after the examination of some miniatures of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, representing the Last Judgment.

"One of these paintings," says M. Portal, "represents Jesus Christ with His feet resting upon the sun. He is seated upon a circle of gold, which in Egypt denoted the sun's course, and a full or accomplished period. In like manner it is here the sign of the end of a grand cycle, or the end of the world, consequently it signifies the Last Judgment. The figure of our Lord is surrounded with a red limbus, which shades off to yellow and blue, these being the three colors of the Trinity, and here signifying the Omnipotence of Christ. He is clothed in a grey mantle lined with green; and we may here remark that the exterior color of garments generally relates to the exterior man, or the body, as the interior to the inner man or the soul. In this picture, then, the clothing of the Lord is significant of the resurrection into a state of bodily existence promised to the regenerate.

"Two apostles at the feet of Jesus implore His mercy, while two of the dead rise from the grave at the sound of the trumpet. The angel of judgment has green wings, intimating his message of regeneration and newness of life, while his red robe is a sign of the kingdom of heaven, which is Divine Love.

"The scene is divided into two parts, one representing the elect, and the other the condemned. To the right of the Saviour is St. Peter in a blue vesture and a rose-colored mantle. The former color indicates the baptism of the spirit, and the latter the life of love and wisdom. Below the apostle, one of the elect, having auburn hair, rises from the tomb.

"On the right hand of Christ is John the Baptist, wearing a black coat enriched with gold; his beard and his hair being green. He implores the Divine Clemency in behalf of those who have received no other regeneration than that of baptismal washing, as is signified by his green hair and beard, while their souls, as indicated by his black coat, remain dead to the Divine Light, signified by the golden braids with which it is adorned. Beneath the feet of the Precursor of Christianity, one of the damned is seen rising, having black hair, in opposition to the one with auburn locks, who is the elect. This picture calls to mind the fable of Eros and Anteros."

Two vignettes in the breviary of Salisbury, a manuscript of the fifteenth century, contained in the *Bibliotheque Royale*, represent the same subject with some variation. In one, a purple and green sphere, with a glory of gold, represents the Holy Trinity. The person of God is clothed in a gray mantle lined with green.

One of the significations of white is *innocence*. By the law of opposites, black must mean *culpability*. The conjunction of these colors, or grey, in the profane language, indicates innocence calumniated, or *blackened*—condemned by opinion or by law. Froissart relates a singular anecdote, which these emblems may serve to illustrate.

In the year 1386, he says, the Sieur de Carouges accused Jaques de Gris of having won from him the affections of his wife. The ordeal of trial by battle having been allowed, Jaques was defeated. He died, and his innocence was acknowledged.*

Red, (*rouge,*) be it observed, in the popular and material sense, is a symbol of vengeance, of blood, while grey (*gris*) is of accused innocence.

This popular legend would seem to have originated in a tradition of Iceland. Karl-le-Rouges, of which Carouges is an abbreviation, is a personification of the vengeance and family broils so common in the north of Europe during the Middle Ages. The second personage, named Gris, or Grey, promised to assist Karl-le-Rouges in one of his expeditions; notwithstanding which, he warned the enemy, presented himself at the combat, and actually struggled against those whom he had put upon their guard. The question arises whether Grey has violated his sworn promise? Or was it a proof of exalted loyalty? It is the doubt on this point which his name expresses.† B. Z. S.

* Comp. Anselm: Palais de l'Honneur, p. 89.

† See Journal *Le Temps* of Sept. 13th, 1835, which borrows this Icelandish legend from Morgenblatt.

NECESSITY SUGGESTING IMPROVEMENT.—Tar is difficult to obtain, and is very expensive, owing to a stoppage of its production in North Carolina. Some Yankees in New Hampshire have commenced making it from the pine stumps in that state. They produce 40 barrels of tar and 7 or 8 of spirits of turpentine per week. The stumps are drawn and cut up as for stove wood—put into a retort, and the tar expelled. A cord of pitch wood gives 3 barrels of tar, worth $14 per barrel, and 18 gallons of spirits, worth some $7 or $8 per gallon. These prices pay well for the labor. In New Jersey and Pennsylvania, where there are plenty of fat pine trees, one should suppose that tar, rosin and turpentine might be produced sufficient to supply the wants of trade.

☞ If a quack would be famous, he must be sure to quack as loud as possible.

LATEST NEWS.

General Sheridan commenced a movement in the Shenandoah valley on Monday week, and General Grant telegraphed to the War Department on Sunday that deserters report that Charlottesville, Va., General Early, and his entire force, counting 1,800 men, have been captured. Four brigades are reported as having been sent to Lynchburg, to get there before Sheridan, if possible.

Army of the Potomac advices report that no new movements have taken place. Deserters continue to come in in large numbers; many of them are recently exchanged prisoners.

Gen. Sherman's advance is reported to have arrived at Fayetteville, N. C. It is also said that gunboats have been sent up from Wilmington by General Schofield. Wilmington, N. C., advices report that a portion of Sherman's army was marching through that city, from which it is conjectured that a junction with Gen. Terry has been effected.

Hon. Abraham Lincoln was re inaugurated President of the United States on Saturday.

Gen. Canby was to have left New Orleans for Mobile on the 28d ult.

The expulsion of the American Consul from Matamoras is confirmed.

A New Article.

A manufacturer in New York has succeeded in making cloth from the Milkweed, or Silkweed, as it is variously called, from the white, glutinous substance which exudes from the stem, and the silk-like substance which is enclosed in the seed pod. This seed-covering feels exactly like silk, and looks something like cotton. It has generally been considered unfit for use in making textile fabrics, because of the shortness and want of strength of its fibre. But it appears by the New York Tribune that the fabrics made from it are very soft and pleasant to the touch, and also quite firm and strong. It takes dyes admirably—much better than cotton—and sheds its seeds without ginning or other difficult labor. The Silkweed is a very common plant, growing over the whole country. When the rebellion broke out, and the supply of cotton was cut off, the Ledger called the attention of manufacturers to this plant as a possible substitute, for some inferior articles of manufactured cloth. We have no doubt that the glutinous milk of its stalk may be converted into a substance similar to India-rubber. Let some one try it. The cost of India-rubber would warrant experiments to obtain a substitute nearer at hand to the manufacturer.

THERE is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven;
It sits beside the cradle patient hours,
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love;
It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life hath naught else that may supply its place;
Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter, without love.
—*Miss Landon.*

☞ A child born recently in San Francisco had no opening for its eyes. Cuts were made and a pair of bright eyes found underneath.

☞ It is said that the man who prophesied an "open winter" this season, has committed suicide.

☞ A preparation has been invented for "extending" tea; it is made of wheat husks taken from the barn floor after threshing, slightly crushed, and then colored black or green for the different varieties of tea which it is designed to adulterate. This article is styled "Japan Tea," and is already extensively used in New York and Philadelphia, where it is sold to grocers for mixing with genuine tea, which they sell from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half per pound. The price of the adulteration is from twenty to thirty cents per pound. It is tasteless, and may be perfectly harmless, if there is nothing poisonous in the coloring matter.

☞ Skeleton leaves show to most advantage when mounted on a circular stand (covered with scarlet velvet) with a central support round which to group them. This can be made of the small end of a strawberry pottle, and covered with velvet to match the stand. Broad leaves are most suitable for the background. Seed vessels and single leaves of delicate structure look well when laid here and there on the stand, in front of the centre group. They require a glass shade.—S. J. H.

☞ What is the best tar for making the wheels of life run smoothly? The al-tar.

☞ Three hundred feet is no unusual height for the majestic firs of Oregon, and trees six or seven feet in diameter at the butt, and as straight as a ramrod, excite no particular attention. These fir trees are nearly as resinous as southern pine, and may be burned down when green by boring two augur holes at right angles to each other near the ground, so as to meet in the tree, and setting fire to the chips made by the augur.

☞ OSTRICH FARMING.—By late news from the Cape of Good Hope we learn that the farmers of that colony are beginning to find it profitable to keep flocks of ostriches, for the feathers of those birds are worth £25 sterling the pound. For thirty-five ostriches, there must be 300 acres of grazing-ground. The plucking takes place once in six months; they yield of feathers from each bird being worth from £10 to £12 10s. The original cost of the young ostriches is said to be £5 each. Some of the farmers who have tried the experiment, are of opinion that ostrich feathers will pay better than any other produce of the colony.—*Chambers's Journal.*

☞ There is a young man in Newburyport named Crockett, who lost a leg above the knee, on the Boston and Maine Railroad, when a child, who can perform *feats* with one *foot* that few if any lads of his age in the neighborhood can perform with two feet. He will swim like a duck; he can run as fast as the fastest, bounding on like a deer; and his skating is marvellous. A dozen lads may start with him on the ice, but he is sure to come out ahead. Nor is it in a straight course alone he shows his speed; with a crutch in one hand and a skate upon the foot, he will defy them to catch him, and dodge as nimbly as a cat. We doubt if there is a boy that can jump higher. He will leap a fence as high as his head, and surprises his associates by standing back to a fence that will come to his shoulders, turning a somerset and coming down right end up upon the other side. It is very doubtful, had the two legs remained to him, if he would ever have developed so much spring and activity. He has made up in training what he lost by accident.

THE SOUTH WIND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Oh, sweet the wind when from the south,
Dew-laden it returns again,
With promise in its balmy breath
Of summer warmth and summer rain,
Of violet leaves, and woodland flowers,
Of singing birds, and budding bowers,
White orchards filled with honey bees,
And all such pleasant things as these.

The icy fetters winter threw
Around the streams when nights were long,
Drop off beneath its gentle sway,
And let the waves resume their song,
And go their glad way to the sea,
Rejoicing once more to be free,
To sparkle in the softening air,
And meet the sunshine everywhere.

It brings us many a fancy, too,
Of that sweet clime where summer lives
The whole year through, and to its flowers
Her lavish wealth of verdure gives;
Of tropic plants that never know
The chilling blight of frost or snow,
But drink the sunshine and the dew,
Beneath a sky that's ever blue.

Oh! gentle wind, the growing wheat
Turns greener as you lightly pass;
A pearly mist droops o'er the hills,
And verdure quickens in the grass;
And who can help but love you well
For bringing bloom to heath and dell,
And turning winter's gloom away,
With gladsome promise of the May?

LITTLE ROSEY;
Or, The Stolen Child.

I.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars, that shine and fall,
The flower that drops in springing,
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

Reading over these lines of Moore's the other day, they seemed to bring our little Rosey vividly before me, and to be a not inappropriate heading to the story of her life—a story I have for some time proposed to write, more, it is true, to indulge a fancy of my own than in the hope of attracting readers. Should I, however, meet with any such, they shall be welcome. Once upon a time the tale should not have been made public, but now that all those it might perchance have wounded are sleeping in the quiet grave, there is no longer any reason for withholding it.

I am an old gray-headed man now, but at the time my story opens I was young, and about to be married. One little month, and Arabella would be mine. Circumstances had made our engagement a long one, and, since an entire day's journey separated us from one another, it was only at intervals of three or four months that I had been able to snatch a brief enjoyment of her society. Now, however, this great gap of time and space was safely bridged over. I stood on the threshold of my bliss. We were to be married in a month, and I was on the point of running over to see my darling for the last time previous to our wedding. I speak of running over, but that is the language of to-day; at the time to which I refer it was no easy rapid run by power of steam, but a long tedious journey by coach. Railroads were then everywhere in their infancy, and altogether non-existent between my own home at Chesterton and Bilbrough, where my bride elect lived with her parents.

I started on this tedious journey in the highest animal spirits; it was Christmas-tide, and a bitterly cold season, but I took my seat on the box beside the coachman, disposed to defy the elements, and to chat gaily with such fellow-travellers as fortune might send me. We had just changed horses for the third time at an obscure roadside inn, when the coachman, cracking his whip and starting his four gallant grays in first-rate style, observed to me:

"We've got a rum customer inside now, or I'm mistaken."

"Indeed! I did not observe him," was my reply.

"True for you, sir, then, for it's no him; it's a lady, or a woman leastways."

"And what may there be so singular about her?"

"Well, now, that's no heasy question to answer, but she's a dangerous-looking creatur for certain."

Another outside passenger confirmed the coachman's testimony.

"I saw her," he said. "She struck me as very handsome, but dangerous-looking, as you say. She has a child—an infant in arms—with her. I wouldn't be in that child's shoes for something."

My curiosity was excited, and when next we stopped I said I would get down and ride inside the next stage.

"You'd better beware," laughed the last speaker; "if she wished to be alone, it's my opinion she'd make no account of getting rid by foul means of the intruder."

I was not, however, to be dissuaded, and took my place inside accordingly.

The woman—or lady I should have said, but that she was plainly, even coarsely dressed, and had no attendant for the infant—turned her face full upon me as I entered. It was a face once seen never to be forgotten—young, handsome, aristocratic in the fine outline of the features; the peculiarity was in the eyes. One can but say that these were large, full, and dark; that their expression was fierce and defiant; to give anything of a life-like description is impossible. They embodied one's idea of the eyes of a Judith or a Medea. The child, apparently about a year old, was fair and blue-eyed, strikingly unlike the mother, for such I at first imagined must be the relationship between them. The dissimilarity—the contrast, I should rather say—was so remarkable, it dwelt on my mind, and although those eyes were fixed upon me with a look forbidding any attempt at conversation, I could not resist putting the question—

"Is that your own child?"

"No!" was the brief, almost savage answer, and the eyes turned away from me to the baby, upon whose gentle face they gleamed with a look liker indeed to hatred than a mother's love. The child began to cry; the woman made small attempt at soothing it; the cries grew louder and more painful to hear, and before I had been five minutes inside the coach, I heartily wished myself again in my old place at the top. The vehicle was now rolling rapidly on the smooth, level highway. "I will change when the pace slackens at the next hill," I thought to myself. At length the child cried itself to sleep, and then the silence grew as oppressive as the former noise to my ears. I must hazard another question.

"What is the child's name?" was the first that occurred to me.

"Rose."

Again a monosyllabic reply. My companion was evidently not disposed to waste words upon me.

"And her other name?" I went on.

"She has no other name."

Was this said to put a stop to further questioning on my part, or was this poor little innocent, indeed, without a name—the unfortunate offspring of sin and shame? While I mused on its possible past and future history, the silence continued for some time unbroken. At length I again sought for something to say, and once more my speech took the form of inquiry.

"Are you travelling far?" I asked.

The woman glared upon me fiercely.

"You are too inquisitive, sir!" she spoke in angry, excited tones.

Just then the speed of the moving vehicle perceptibly diminished. I looked out of the window; we were beginning the ascent of a steep hill.

"I shall not annoy you any further, madam," I said, as I opened the door, and stepped into the road. The coach stopped directly afterwards; most of the outside passengers descended to walk up the hill. "I shall resume my old place after this," I said.

"Indeed! So you are not prepossessed in favor of the handsome lady? Is it fair to inquire the subject of conversation between you?" somebody asked.

"Not the subject only, every word of it, if you like," was my reply. And I repeated our brief colloquy.

There is no need to dwell longer on that day's journey. It was late in the evening when the coach drew up before the door of the Black Swan, one of the principal hotels of Bilbrough. Arabella's young brother, Charlie, was waiting to meet me, also a servant, who busied himself looking after my luggage. I was about to walk on with Charlie, when an exclamation from the coachman, as he opened the door and looked inside the coach, arrested me.

"What is it, Mr. Jones?" I asked.

The man pointed with his finger in lieu of answer, and, lying on the seat, I beheld the infant, little Rose, all alone, quietly sleeping.

"What has become of the woman?" was my next surprised question.

"Indeed, then, sir, that's what I know no more nor yourself, or you sleeping hinfant. She was there when we stopped at the last stage but one, a matter of twenty mile off, for I saw her and spoke to her myself, and now she's clean gone, vanished," repeated the coachman, who was a Cockney born and bred. "This is a matter for the police, I'm thinking," he went on; "but, in the meantime, what is to become of the hinfant?"

The landlord of the Black Swan and two or three of the bystanders, who had assembled out of curiosity to learn what was going on, suggested the workhouse, but here, Charlie, my companion, interposed.

"Send that lovely little angel to the workhouse," he cried; "you deserve to be hanged for such a barbarous idea. Let us take it home with us, John," the boy continued, turning to me. "Won't it be a jolly surprise for them all. Arabella and old Marie will be delighted, I know."

Old Marie had been Arabella's nurse in days gone by, and was still a faithful retainer of the family. I didn't quite know what to say to Charlie's proposal.

"Your mother?" I murmured, hesitatingly.

"Moonshine," he said.

"And how are we to get it home? We can't carry it through the streets," was my next objection.

"Call a cab," spoke Master Charlie, authoritatively, to Thomas, the man-servant.

It seemed it was so to be, and, therefore, desiring the landlord to send immediately to the police-station that no time might be lost in tracking the fugitive, little Rosey was handed into the cab, Charlie and I took our seats beside her, and we were soon all rolling rapidly towards our destination. The sound of our wheels and Charlie's voice brought the whole household to the door.

"Nothing is the matter, I hope," said my future mother-in-law, pushing before the servants; "we thought you would have walked."

"So we should," I said, "but—"

"But what? Speak—don't keep us in suspense," cried Arabella, rushing forward.

"Can't you see his legs are not broken?" said Master Charlie, as he descended after me from the cab. "But you wouldn't expect a baby a year old to walk, would you?" Everybody stared, as well they might. "The fact is, we've brought a lovely infant home with us," went on Charlie, who, much to my relief, took upon himself the office of spokesman. "Haul it out," he added to Thomas, nodding towards the vehicle, where little Rosey still lay unconscious.

Astonishment was increased tenfold when the child was handed out in Thomas's arms.

"What's all this?" said Mr. Dalton, my future father-in-law, speaking for the first time. He had thought it all nonsense before, but now the matter began to wear a serious aspect. "Whose child is this?" he inquired, gravely.

"Nobody knows," said Charlie, laughing.

"Indeed, sir, I haven't the faintest idea," I replied, as the elder gentleman, frowning down his son, turned to me for a rational answer. Were we both gone stark, staring mad?

"Come upstairs, John," said Mr. Dalton, laying his hand on my arm, as though prepared to use force in case I resisted. He was possibly thinking solitary confinement might be necessary.

"Yes, I'll come and come all of you, and you shall hear the baby's history, what little I know of it, at least."

The words and tone sounded sane. They followed me to the drawing-room, and there my tale was soon told.

"It was very foolish, to say the least of it, to bring the child here," remarked Mrs. Dalton.

"Oh, no, mamma, it wasn't," cried Arabella, eagerly; "they couldn't let such a little darling be sent to the cruel workhouse."

The "little darling" had for sometime been in her arms.

"It will probably have to go there sooner or later, since the mother evidently intends to abandon it," pursued Mrs. Dalton.

"But she was not the mother," I insisted.

"I am sorry to be forced to believe in the existence of some such unnatural mothers."

"What a lovely frock! It cannot be a poor person's child," cried Arabella, after a few minutes' pause.

"Yet the woman was poorly clad," I remarked.

The baby's frock, thus commented on, underwent general examination. It was of finest cambric, and richly embroidered. The large rough shawl wrapped round it had prevented my noticing it before.

"It is a beautiful child, too," said Mrs. Dalton, relenting a little, as Rosey's now wide-awake, open blue eyes were turned full upon her. "I dare say Marie will be ready enough to take charge of it for a day or two, and by that time, perhaps, we may hear something."

So the discussion ended, Marie was summoned to carry away the child to bed, and we sat down to supper.

Several days were away, but without bringing any tidings; so far, all the endeavors of the police had failed to discover the slightest clue to the fugitive. The inquiry, however, continued to be prosecuted with vigor; advertisements were published in the daily newspapers, everything was done that the inventions of an age less advanced than the present permitted. The day grew near when I must for a brief space return to my bachelor home, and Mr. and Mrs. Dalton insisted that something should be settled about the child before my departure. In their opinion its natural guardians would never be found to resume the charge; it ought therefore, without further delay, to be sent to the workhouse.

Against this cruel verdict, as she called it, Arabella protested with tears in her sweet eyes; she was daily growing more and more fond of the friendless little stranger. It was, indeed, a most engaging child, and appeared not in the least to miss the relatives who had deserted it, taking to its new protectors quite naturally. Arabella was first favorite. The child, which was just beginning to run alone, would stretch out its little arms, and try to break from Marie's hold whenever my dearest entered the room. It was the day before I was to leave that she came and whispered her half-frightened request in my ear, "Oh, John, might we not take the baby to live with us when we are married?" The very thought which had all along been in my mind, only I had not liked to mention it, fearing it might be disagreeable to her! Here was delightful sympathy. Boldly we now made known our design. In vain Arabella's parents remonstrated, accused us of folly, extravagance, madness. In vain were all the animadversions of friends. They gave up the battle at length; the wilful pair must even be allowed to have their way; and I left Bilbrough with the conviction that little Rosey would be well cared for where she was, until Arabella and I returned from our wedding tour, and were ready to receive her into our own house at Chesterton.

I am not going to write of my appearance, three weeks later, as a bridgroom, nor of Arabella's as a bride; it is my intention to pass with very few words over the first ten years of our married life. We had three children of our own, two girls and a boy, fine children all, none, however, to compare in personal loveliness with little Rosey, whose sweet, affectionate disposition, quick intelligence, and engaging ways, had wound so completely round our hearts that she was equally beloved with our own, and having now to part with her would have been a bitter grief indeed. This, however, was a fear that but seldom arose to trouble us; nobody had hitherto put in a claim to rob us of our treasure, and, after the lapse of so many years, we reckoned ourselves tolerably secure in its possession. We had brought up a child in ignorance of the cloud which hung over her infancy; we were papa and mamma to her, and she had no idea of any other parents unknown. Our children not only treated her as their sister, but as such believed her. There were those who were better informed; indeed, as a matter of course, everybody in Bilbrough and Chesterton had known the story of our romantic adoption of the little foundling, as they named it. It had at first been the subject of universal gossip in both places, but, like other nine days' wonders, it had died in time almost out of people's remembrance; at any rate, they had acquiesced in our openly-expressed wish that the children should know nothing of the story, and there had been found no mischievous tell-tale to whisper it in their ears, and so disturb the spirit of love and harmony which reigned over our nursery. Rosey was just eleven—(though we could not accurately know the day of her birth, we had fixed an imaginary anniversary for her, in order that she might not miss the little gifts and tokens of affection which greeted the other children on these occasions)—Rosey, then, was just eleven when, for reasons arising out of my profession, I removed with my family to a town in quite a different part of England. Hither little Rosey's story did not follow her, and she was held by everybody for our own first-born child. Here also, as everywhere, she made herself generally beloved, and it was to her childish attractions that we first owed our intimacy at Melwood Grange.

This was one of the finest places in the neighborhood, I might almost say in the county. The house, large and rambling, built in the debased Tudor style, made no pretensions to beauty, but the park in which the mansion stood was renowned for miles around for the magnificence of its timber, the undulating beauty of its grassy slopes, and the fair vistas it afforded of lovely scenery in the distance. Sophia Melwood, sole daughter of the house, was about the same age as Rosey, and at first sight conceived a violent affection for her. Intimacy between the children led to intimacy between the mothers. Mrs. Melwood was a widow; she had lost her husband early—soon after the birth of her only child—and had never married again. She was a proud woman, with an icy frigidity of manner that was repellent to most people; it was, however, but surface coldness; there was a warmth beneath, though but few might feel the flame. Mrs. Melwood was plain in person, and the irregular features and sallow complexion had descended to her daughter. The same pride, too, was inherent in both; it was pride of race. The Melwoods counted a long unsullied line of noble ancestors, and Mrs. Melwood had completely identified herself with her husband's family. She herself was of gentle blood, but she seldom spoke of her own relations, if any remained to her; she was a Melwood now, and as a Melwood she felt and acted. Sophia was a Melwood also; till death should she proudly hold the name. Not that maiden life was contemplated for her; her destiny was to marry her cousin, Arthur Melwood, a youth some few years older than herself. She had been betrothed to him in her cradle; such was the expression used by Mrs. Melwood in speaking to Arabella. In what this ceremony of betrothal had consisted, I never could accurately learn: neither could I well understand the friendship that quickly sprang up and ripened between the two ladies, they were so wholly different in character: perhaps, however, it was this very difference which was the bond of union. Mrs. Melwood was firm and strong of purpose, my wife was gentle and yielding. Whatever might be the cause, so it was, they became friends, and scarcely a day passed without some intercourse between our two families. Rosey would frequently stay for weeks together at the Grange, at such times sharing the instruction of Sophia's governess.

So time went on, and young Arthur Melwood came from Eton to spend at Melwood Grange his summer holidays. Arthur's father was not wealthy, and he had many daughters, though but this only son; as was natural, therefore, he had assisted joyfully at the latter's already mentioned betrothal with the infant heiress, and regarded the future marriage of the cousins from the same point of view as the widowed Mrs. Melwood—as a thing fixed and unalterable. The boy and girl had been brought up in the same creed; from earliest childhood they had been much together, and neither had as yet manifested any disposition to rebel. Yet somehow, before those first summer holidays after our coming to the neighborhood had wholly passed, I had a foreboding of evil.

One day I stood watching the three children at play in the flower-gardens at the Grange. Sophia ran off to fetch something that was wanted; Arthur and Rosey were left alone together. She had thrown aside her hat, her long fair hair shone like threads of gold in the sunlight, and the same glow, together with the excitement of play, lent a more than usual brilliancy to her lovely eyes and complexion. The boy was looking at her. Suddenly he said:

"How beautiful you are, Rosey! I wish Sophia was like you!"

"Why?" asked she, innocently.

"Oh! because you know she is to be my wife, and a man would wish his wife to be beautiful," was the answer.

A minute afterwards Sophia returned, and the children resumed their play. I repeated what I had overheard to my wife; it caused her, however, no misgiving.

"Mere childish words," she said. "Arthur has the germ of worldly ambition within him, or I am greatly mistaken. He looks upon himself as the future owner of Melwood. Depend upon it, he will prefer the estate without the beauty, to the beauty without the estate."

"And Rosey?" I suggested. "Arthur is handsome, and will be a fine manly fellow some day—have you no fear for her? Will it be well for her, in a few years, that they should be thrown so much together?"

"I have no fear for Rosey," answered my wife, with confidence. "She will grow up a true woman, and will never give her love unsought."

Nor, as it appeared, did one shade of doubt ever cross the widowed mother's mind, and so, again, the time wore on, and many summer, many Christmas holidays came and went. Once I ventured to ask Mrs. Melwood whether any provision was made by her husband's will in case of her daughter's death before marriage. A look of sudden horror came over the mother's face.

"What do you mean?" she cried; "what makes you ask such a question? Do you think Sophy looks ill—delicate? She has always been so strong. But I will consult Dr. ——— about her. She shall have immediate change of air—shall go to the sea-side. Perhaps you are right, and the country is not healthy at the fall of the leaf." And the poor woman had worked herself into an agony of fear before I could interrupt her.

"Dear madam," at length I was able to say, "I had no such meaning. Sophia looks the very picture of health. Mine was only the curiosity of a lawyer to learn the conditions of your late husband's will. Pardon me if you think me impertinent, but suppose Miss Sophia should not marry her cousin—should marry some one else, in short—would she forfeit the estate? Is it left to her conditionally on her marriage with Arthur Melwood?"

"Sophia *will* marry Arthur, there is no question or doubt of that," said the widow, in her most imperious manner; "it was my husband's wish, so he determined it. Yet I can have no objection to tell you that Melwood Grange is hers unconditionally. Should she die unmarried, or, marrying another, leave no issue, Arthur would inherit after his father. These, however, are contingencies not worth dwelling on," added Mrs. Melwood. "Life, indeed, is in the hands of God, but He has blessed my child with health, and I trust and believe He will preserve her to fulfill her destiny and perpetuate her name."

Arthur was now at Oxford. I cannot say I liked the young man; there was a worldly tone about him, and a few carelessly uttered expressions had led me to doubt his religious principles. Nevertheless, nothing had ever been asserted against his moral conduct. He was certainly handsome, and had a plausible manner, and soft, flattering tongue, that might dangerously lay siege to the heart of any woman, much more that of a young girl of sixteen—Sophia and Rosey's age at the present time. Sophia made no secret of her affection for him, but if, as I sometimes feared, Rosey's heart was also in bondage, she hid her chains most carefully out of sight. My wife continued to smile at my fears, Mrs. Melwood and Sophia were wholly unsuspecting, and at times I almost shared their happy security. The young man himself was all attention to his cousin, and apparently took little notice of Rosey. Her beauty, now even more striking than in those childish days when they had played together in the garden, provoked no compliment—none, at least, that ever reached my watchful ear. Another year went by, Arthur was of age, had taken his degree, and came to spend a few weeks at the Grange before making the grand tour on the Continent. This was to occupy him for one year more, and then, on his return to England, the wedding should no longer be delayed. By that time Sophia would have passed her eighteenth birthday.

It was a happy period for everybody those few weeks Arthur was with us before he went abroad. I thought him improved since the last year, with less self-consciousness about him, and more deference to his elders. Sophia was quietly but unaffectedly happy; Rosey, to all appearance, as gay and light-hearted as ever; our own younger ones were all at home, too, which added in no small degree to the general gladness. Let me not be thought an unnatural father in that I barely make mention of my own offspring; never were better children or dearer, but it is Rosey's history I am writing, and I omit advisedly all things irrevalent. Alas! that happy, peaceful time was but the deceitful lull before the storm. Arthur left; had been gone two or three days; Sophia's joy had departed with him; with all of us there remained an added shade of gravity; we missed the young man's fun and high animal spirits. Rosey, however, manifested less concern than the rest of us. It was on the third day, I think, that she asked leave to go and pay a brief visit to some friends residing about twenty miles distant. It had been an invitation of long standing; she was to go at any time, whenever she could. We assented readily, and she wrote accordingly to her friends, herself fixing the day and hour for her arrival. At first, I had proposed accompanying her, but, having business on hand, and as she repeatedly assured me she did not in the least mind so short a journey alone, I gave up the idea. My wife and I both saw her to the station and into the railway carriage, and the second morning after her departure were expecting a letter by the post to tell us of her arrival. Our surprise may therefore be imagined when from the expected quarter there came a letter addressed *to* instead of *by* Rosey. We opened it without hesitation, and surprise was lost in distress.

"DEAREST ROSEY"—thus it ran—"why have you not kept your word? Lucy and I were at the station to meet you to-day at the time you mentioned, and great has been our disappointment. Lucy declares she saw the outline of a figure very like yours sitting very far back in one of the carriages, but as the figure never turned its head our way, and was borne away into infinite space by the swiftly moving train, after scarcely stopping a minute, I could not catch a glimpse, and of course it was not you. We hope it is not illness, nor any such sad thing, that has kept you at home. Don't keep us in doubt, dear, but send a line at once, and name, if you can, another day for your coming."

"Ever yours,

"JULIA BRAY."

II.

"What can have happened to the child?" cried my wife, half beside herself in her grief. "Some one must have carried her off by force."

I shook my head; it was another fear cast a dim shadow on my mind.

"That could hardly be, Arabella, in the short distance between this and Hanbury. I myself took her ticket for that place, and I fear she has gone on beyond voluntarily. Yes, it must have been a voluntary act on her part."

"Good heavens, John, what do you mean?—what do you fear?"

"I can hardly speak my fear," I said; "but indeed I think she must have gone to join Arthur somewhere."

"Oh, John, our own dear, ingenuous little Rosey to plan such deceit, such wickedness, I will never believe it—it cannot be. I might believe in Arthur's treachery, but in hers—impossible." Then proving the idea was nevertheless gaining ground in her mind, filling it with vague terror, she went on: "You think it was all planned beforehand, that they will be privately married—poor betrayed Sophia!—and Arthur—oh, John, I am certain he coveted wealth, he would never marry a portionless girl. John, John, you must follow her instantly."

This was a resolve already taken in my mind, and I needed no urging on my wife's part. Hanbury was on the main line to London; it was most likely Rosey would go on thither; probably Arthur had arranged to meet her there, and they would hope to baffle pursuit in their transit through that great thoroughfare.

I took my departure by the next train, but nearly forty-eight hours had been lost, and my heart was full of misgiving and despondency. I made inquiry at the first station beyond Hanbury, where it is customary to look at the tickets. Yes, a young lady had passed through from ——, with a ticket only as far as Hanbury. She said she had intended to stop there, but a message received from a friend at that station would take her on to London. There was nothing suspicious in her story or manner, and she had been told to pay the difference in the fare at the end. Arrived at the London terminus, I resumed my inquiries. Yes, it was remembered; a young lady such as I described had two days before arrived there with a ticket from —— to Hanbury. She had assigned a simple and satisfactory reason, had at once paid the difference of fare, and a porter had, at her request, called a cab for her. He did not hear the direction she gave the cabman, did not remember, or had not observed his number. The young lady was quite alone; no gentleman entered the cab with her. Nothing further being to learn here, I resolved to continue my journey, without longer delay, to Folkestone.

At the London-bridge station I could gain no information; no one recollected a young lady answering to my description. It was, however, quite possible such a young lady might have travelled by the South-Eastern Railway to Folkestone on the day referred to; where there was so much traffic it was impossible to remember individuals.

I journeyed then to Folkestone with a heavy heart, with a foreboding of the ill success awaiting me. On arrival, I inquired at the railway station, at all the hotels, at the steamboat office, and could gain no clue. No one could tell me anything of my Rosey. What was to be done? After telegraphing my failure to my wife, I returned to London. I resigned the matter into the hands of the detective police. I left an advertisement, imploring "R. to return to her sorrowing friends, and all should be forgiven," to be inserted daily in the second column of the Times until further notice. Then I retraced my journey home, where my wife received me with tearful, despairing looks.

"She is not with Arthur," were her first words; "they had a letter from him to-day at the Grange. It was written from Paris, and contained no mention of Rosey, except that he sent his love to her."

"That may only be deceit, a ruse to blind us. Now we have Arthur's address, I shall certainly follow him."

"Perhaps it may be better," said Arabella, with a sigh; "but, indeed, John, I think you are mistaken. I felt obliged to mention your suspicions at the Grange. Mrs. Melwood was indignant; she found the idea too absurd. Arthur's devotion to Sophia had been so plainly demonstrated—the two girls were friends—such black treachery was utterly incredible."

"How then can we explain our lost darling's sudden disappearance? What could be her motive?"

"What, indeed. They are all of them wholly at a loss to discover that." And again my wife sighed—a sigh that came from the very depths of her heart.

"You did not divulge Rosey's secret—the secret of her unknown parentage—at the Grange, did you, Arabella?"

"No; I hesitated whether to do so or not, and resolved to wait your advice."

"Better not," I said, decidedly.

The next day I set out for Paris. I had thought the address given by Arthur's letter might be all a deceit, but on inquiring at the hotel I was told Monsieur Melwood was there. He was at home. Another minute and I was ushered into the young gentleman's presence.

He was lounging in an easy attitude on a sofa, smoking a cigar, and carelessly turning over the pages of a French novel. He rose in what, if not real, was well-acted surprise at my entrance.

"This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Mildmay. Who would have thought, now, of seeing you in Paris?"

"You had better not affect ignorance of the object of my journey," I said, sternly, rejecting at the same time his offered hand.

"'Fore my honor there's no affectation in the case. I am, however, extremely desirous of being enlightened; this same object appears not too friendly towards me." And he laughed an easy, nonchalant laugh.

"No more trifling, sir. Where is Rosey? I charge, I command you to tell me the truth."

It was with the utmost difficulty I spoke calmly, my anger being very hot against the young man. At the name his countenance changed.

"*Rosey*—for Heaven's sake—nothing has happened to her?" he cried, in evident agitation.

"She has run away from her home, without leaving one word of farewell, of explanation, behind. We have been baffled in every attempt to trace her," I said, still in the tone of accusation.

Arthur covered his face with his hands; then, after a few moments' silence, removing them, he passionately exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Mildmay, she *must* be found; she shall be, indeed, for you will let me assist your search. I swear that you suspect me wrongfully; I had no idea of this, by Heaven!"

I was by this time almost convinced he spoke the truth, yet I was not wholly satisfied. Why should he be so strangely agitated? for he was so to a painful degree. I thanked him for his proffer of assistance, but at the same time declined it. I said I was persuaded I had wronged him in my first suspicion that he had decoyed Rosey from her home, that she had fled to him; I therefore begged his pardon, and would wish him good-by; I should at once return home to to England.

"Oh, Mr. Mildmay, you are hard upon me," said the young man. "You do not know, but I will confess it to you; I love Rosey, have loved her for long. Even your distress cannot be equal to mine."

"Indeed," I exclaimed, resuming the bitter tone I had dropped a few minutes before, "indeed; and you have spoken to her of your love, being at the same time betrothed to another."

"Yes, it is true, I have done so."

"Was this long ago?"

"Only a few days before I left Melwood."

"And she?"

"Repelled and altogether *rejected* my love; would not listen to me for a moment."

Here, then, was no explanation of her flight.

"It is not a worthy part you have acted, your own conscience must tell you," I said to Arthur, coldly, and again I turned to leave him.

"Heaven grant you success in finding her!" he called after me. "But oh! Mr. Mildmay, you will not repeat my confession at Melwood—you will not betray me to Sophia!"

It was his purpose still to marry his cousin! Then what sort of love had his been for Rosey? I vouchsafed no reply. I left the hotel in anger. I quitted Paris, and rested not until I had again reached my home. Still no tidings there of the fugitive. I told everything to Arabella, and we agreed, unworthy though the young man was, that we would keep his secret between us. Mrs. Melwood triumphed in his innocence, which she had never for a moment doubted, while Sophia had all along remained in ignorance of my suspicion. Both of them grieved sincerely for Rosey; their grief was, however, as nothing compared to my wife's and mine. Many were the tears shed for our lost darling; the brightness was gone from our home,

And all the place was dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Maturity of Authors.

The mind does not become sufficiently enriched to deal fairly with some thorny questions till comparatively late in life. Lord Macaulay says that, "of all the good books now extant in the world, more than nineteen-twentieths were published after the writers had attained the age of forty." In purely imaginative literature the case might be expected to be different. When the mind has to supply its own materials, instead of working on materials supplied to it, we naturally expect that the harvest will come earlier and exhaustion follow sooner. We can, however, quote many instances to prove that the greatest poems and the greatest fictions in our literature have been produced at a ripe age. Thus "Macbeth" and "Othello" may be advantageously compared with the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Paradise Lost" with "Comus" or "Lycidas." Spenser was nearly forty when the "Faery Queen" was published; Dryden wrote "Absalom and Achitophel" at fifty; and Pope's most vigorous satires were all written after he was forty. In modern times, it is true that Shelley, Keats and Byron all distinguished themselves at an age when many of our earlier poets were still in the chrysalis stage. We can, however, only speculate on the works they might have written if their lives had been prolonged. If we turn to novelists, the greatest of our older writers seem to have flowered late. De Foe did not take to writing novels until he was fifty-eight. Fielding was over forty when he wrote "Tom Jones," and Richardson near sixty when he wrote "Clarissa Harlowe." The two last volumes of "Waverley" were written in 1814, when Scott was forty-three, and therefore the whole of the most readable series of novels in existence were written at a still later age. It would be hard to discover names of equal weight to place in the opposite scale. It would therefore seem that the power of writing novels is not, as a rule, fully developed in youth.

☞ A Frenchman cannot pronounce "ship." The word sounds "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-clad, he said to a boy, "Is this a war-sheep?" "No," answered the boy. "It is a ram."

Mexican Gambling.

At Whitsuntide, Augustine festas are held, lasting three days, at which Saint Augustine would probably have looked pretty sour, for the Mexicans celebrate the memory of the great patriarch with all sorts of games of chance: monte, roulette, cards, and dice. On this occasion the baron tells us a very neat anecdote.

"Some years ago, on Whit Sunday, the first clerk of the considerable German house L., whose name I do not state, as I am afraid the present respected head of the firm might not be pleased at it, went in to his principal, who was engaged in dressing, and asked for a *fanega*—that is to say, a sum of one thousand pesos from his owing salary. 'Most willingly, my dear B.,' the principal replied; 'but I must ask you to fetch the money yourself, as the cashier is away. Here are the keys of the cash-box, in which you will find bags of counted piastres.' The young man did as he was told, and shortly after arrived with his bag of money at San Augustin, where he selected the most elegant of the gambling houses. He went up to a roulette-table and asked the banker, while looking at him intently, and placing the bag on the green cloth, 'Will you accept my stake on No. 33?' 'Con muchissimo gusto, caballero,' the banker answered, without knowing exactly what the bag contained; but a Mexican would feel ashamed to decline a wager. The ball was set rolling, and No. 33 won. A slight pallor crossed the banker's face, for he believed, like all present, that young B.'s bag contained a fanega, and as the stake must be paid thirty-five fold, this made no slight amount. The bag was opened, however, for the purpose of verification; but who can describe the consternation of the banker and the amazement of all present, when it was found that it was full of gold, 1,000 onzas instead of 1,000 dollars, or altogether 16,000 piastres? A perfect tempest broke out among the public. The most astounded of all, however, was young B. himself, who was unable to speak through fright. The banker declared his inability to pay so fabulous a sum; but, as is always the case on such occasions, the public took part against him. It was found out that he was not the proprietor of the bank, but that a rich Mexican house supplied the funds, and was consequently responsible for the losses of its agent. After lengthened tumultuary scenes, which collected the whole town, the bank was sentenced by popular justice to pay Mr. B. the fairly-gained sum of 560,000 pesos. All the ready money in the house was handed over, and bills given for the residue. Richly loaded, and accompanied by a large body of friends, who acted as his escort, young B. returned to Mexico. From the moment of winning, B. became a riddle to all his acquaintance. Instead of participating in the merriment of his friends, he remained silent and thoughtful; at times he even appeared affected by a species of melancholy. On reaching home he rushed into his principal's room. 'Mr. L.,' he cried, breathlessly, 'I have brought you your property: here are 560,000 pesos which I have won with your money.' It was now L.'s turn to be astounded, until B. had explained to him how, on this morning, he had taken a bag out of the cash-box, which he supposed to contain 1,000 piastres. It was not till the bag was opened that he discovered, to his terror, that he had taken 1,000 gold ounces instead. 'As I should not have been able to repay you if I had lost, I have no right to keep my winnings.' Much affected by the young man's honesty, L. clasped him to his breast. Three days later, two circulars were distributed in the city. The first informed the mercantile world that Mr. B. had joined the firm of L. as partner. The second announced to friends and acquaintances the betrothal of Miss L. with Mr. B., and invited them to breakfast."

The Wandering Jew.

The legend of the Jew ever wandering and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to the present day, spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this:—

When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, He wished to rest Himself near the gate at the house of Ahasuerus. This man, however, sprang forth and thrust Him away. Jesus turned toward him, saying—

"I shall rest, but thou shalt move on till I return."

And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about.

Another version is that given by Mathias Parisienthis, a monk of the thirteenth century:

When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilatius to death, the doorkeeper, named Cartaffilous, pushed Him from behind with his foot, saying—

"Walk on, Jesus, quickly; why dost Thou tarry?"

Jesus looked at him gravely, and said—

"I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come."

And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come.

Still a third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers, and renews his strength; hence it is, even after so many centuries, he does not look much older than a septuagenarian. Thus much for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors makes even mention of such an account. The first who reports such a thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, when, as is known, the world was filled with pious fiction, even to disgust. However, the story has spread far and wide, so that it has become a proverb, "He runs about like a wandering Jew."

Morality.

Most men are not so dead to moral principles but what they feel a spontaneous glow of admiration for the man who does right because it is right, no matter if he does make less money by it. Some few men say he was a fool or a lunatic not to make the most of his advantage, right or wrong; but the heart of many is loyal to rectitude. We look and admire, and praise. We cannot help it. He who in a selfish, covetous age, when all men are fighting and scrambling for money, stands up strong in his integrity, and modestly does the thing—not that is legal, not that is expected, not that is customary, not that is as others do, or as many preach, but does the thing which is right,—such a man is worthy of all imitation. If the heavenly minded are few in the world, are not the righteous few likewise? A moral character that is genuine is seen as rarely as Diogenes' man, when hunted for with a lantern at noonday.

☞ "Never despair," says Prentice, "if the stream of your life freezes, put on skates."

THE MILLER.

Merrily rolls the mill stream on,
Merrily goes the mill,
And merry to-night shall be my song,
As ever the gay lark's trill.
While the stream shall flow, and the mill shall go,
And his garners are bravely stored,
Come all who will, there's a welcome still
At the joyful miller's board.

Well may the miller's heart be light,
Well may his song be gay,
For the rich man's smile, and the poor man's prayer
Have been his for many a day.
And they bless the name of the miller's dame
In cots where the lowly mourn,
For want and woe at her presence go,
And joy and peace return.

Fair is the miller's daughter too,
With her locks of golden hair,
With her laughing eye and her sunny brow,
Still better is she than fair.
She has lightened toil, with her winning smile,
And if ever his heart is sad,
Let her sing the song he has loved so long,
And the miller's heart is glad.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. GALTON FEELS THAT JUSTICE IS NOT DONE HER.

Kate Galton was back at Haversham with her husband and her child, attending to all her wifely and maternal duties in her usually exemplary manner. She had made no sign, had uttered no word of dissatisfaction when her husband had carried her back to the Grange. She never did make a sign or utter a word of dissatisfaction, when the doing so would not further her own ends. Mrs. Galton would have been a first-rate political economist, she never wasted her material.

She made no exception to her ordinary rule in this instance. There had been a surface show of willingness to go home as soon as ever she found that the going home was inevitable. A surface show was always quite enough for John Galton. It was not in him to suspect that there was aught that was not perfect, pure, and fair beneath that perfect, pure, and fair exterior, which was so dear to his heart—so golden to his eyes. So he believed his wife, and never deemed that her prompt acquiescence in his wishes about returning to Haversham was due to the fact of town emptying itself fast. Confidingly had he accepted the acquiescence, and conspicuously had he flaunted it before his sister. "I shall be glad of the peace and quiet, and so happy to be alone with you at the dear old Grange again, John," Kate had said to him on the morning of their leaving town; "and as it's always as well to please people in this world if possible, we won't ask Harold down for the shooting. Sarah does dislike his being there, and I should like to please her in something as she's your sister."

"Oh, nonsense, let him come. Why shouldn't he come?" John Galton had replied. But though he had thus replied, he had deemed it a very sweet concession that his wife had offered to make. It never occurred to his honest, manly mind to suppose that the concession to his sister's idle prejudices was made solely because his charming Kate could not help herself in the matter. Harold had refused to go to Haversham for the shooting, therefore Mrs. Galton utilized the occasion, took the honors that were to be had, and declared that she would not have him. Mr. Ffrench was what Kate termed "huffed," that is to say, he was too unhappy at this juncture to endure either to flirt with, or be flirted at by his bright cousin. He had shown himself the reverse of amenable to the little advances she had made towards a better understanding springing up between herself and him from the ashes of the Theo Leigh complication. He had responded as gruffly as was compatible with such a melodious voice as he possessed to her suggestion of an invitation to the Grange. So Kate paused on the brink of the invitation, and consoled herself with the reflection, that John could be taught to appreciate the sacrifice she had been compelled to make.

They arrived at Haversham one bright Saturday afternoon, in October, and even Mrs. Galton—fractions of whose heart were in divers places—was fain to confess that the Grange was not a bad place at that season of the year. Scarlet geraniums and October peaches blushed them a joyous welcome, and the steward came to John Galton's office door presently with tidings of much game being about. There was a wealth of fruit in the garden too, and the best of quinine in the air. Altogether Kate felt that things might have been worse—at the same time she set herself the task of determining how they could be bettered. "I'll redeem the time by being agreeable to Sarah—till some one else comes in my way," she said to herself, while graciously preparing to accede to John Galton's request that they "should take a stroll through the grounds and village" after dinner on the evening of their arrival.

She found it dull work strolling through the semi-darkness in the soft autumnal evening air with the man she had married because Beelzebub had won. Now and again she found herself seeking about for something to say to him, and not finding it. Ah! there had never been this strain on thought when Harold Ffrench was by her side! Words had come glibly enough then, and not words alone, but something that words were well employed in clothing. Nor had speech and good cause for the same been lacking whenever Linley had been near.

She never once told herself that this mental oppression was due to some defect in her own nature—some flaw in her own heart. She walked along by him struggling with the silence she always desired to indulge in when her husband was by her side, and declared to herself with emphasis that he was dull. "Why didn't he marry a woman who could care for the things he cares for, and enjoy the eternal talk about them?" she asked herself; and her conscience never once told her, that it was because she had willed that he should marry her.

She had no interest in his pleasures, she had no joy in his interests. His pointers jumped about her boisterously, and she only thought of how her dress would suffer, and permitted the dogs to feel that they were troublesome—a discovery which it is grievous for a sensitive dog to make. In fact the horrible curse was upon her more strongly than ever, of being bored by that from which there was no escape.

"It is too late to go into the stable and look at the horses, I suppose, John?" she asked after a long silence, during which she had been declaring to herself that they had not an idea in common—more than that, that he had none but the commonest ideas.

"We'll look at the horses before church to-morrow," he replied; "you said you would go on and see Sarah, to-night."

"Then if we are going there, I will go in and get Bijou," Kate answered, hurriedly. Stagnation seized her soul at the thought of going down alone with her husband to the dullness of her sister-in-law's house. Bijou would be a mutual friend, on whom their uncongeniality might meet, and expend itself less markedly.

Miss Galton had been seething within herself for hours. She had heard from a biped retriever—one who was warranted to fetch and carry more abjectly than any dog—that the squire and his lady had come by the 4.40 train. Informant had been unable to say whether or not any one had accompanied them, having only caught sight of the heads of the aforesaid, as the carriage passed her on its way to the Grange. This doubt as to whether they were alone or not, was the primary cause of Miss Galton's seething; but as the hours went on in a fit of feeling neglected set in with aggravated symptoms, and she raged furiously in her soul, for that "John never thought of coming near his sister, no, not he."

She was in this mood when they came in with their child, John laughing and talking to his small daughter with the unforced vivacity of perfect satisfaction with all things. Kate making the air ring with her bell-like voice, because it suited her to make Sarah believe her to be in brightly overflowing spirits, though she had been torn from London and Harold Ffrench.

"We only waited to have dinner before we came to see you, Sarah," John Galton said, extending his hand to his sister.

"Yes—we were starving. Immediate cause of your dear Norfolk air was to compel us to appear impolite, and stay to eat before we came to see you, Sarah," Kate added, holding her face down to grim Miss Galton to be kissed.

"As you waited so long—not that I expected you before—it would have been more prudent to have waited till to-morrow morning," Miss Galton replied, gruffly. "Coming out at this hour, at this time of year, with nothing over your shoulders, and a thing on your head that doesn't half cover it, seems to me the height of folly."

"Oh! I never take cold," Kate replied carelessly, but her blue eyes dilated curiously as she spoke. She was superbly indifferent to Miss Galton's opinion at most times, but on this occasion she had sought (with no very noble motive) to win a good one from that acrid lady; therefore she felt resentment kindling.

"But the child may—poor little dear," Miss Galton said, snappishly. "Come here Katherine—ah! as I thought, not half wrapped up," she continued as she wound the cloak little Katie wore closely round her till the child resembled a mummy.

"I don't care to treat her like a sick chicken, thank you," Mrs. Galton said, quietly; "loosen your cloak, Bijou; you're not cold, you little hypocrite."

"No, I'm not cold," Katie cried, laughing; "I don't want the old thing."

Bijou touched her cloak as she spoke, but she looked at her aunt at the same time, and Miss Galton felt that she was the "old thing" to whom allusion was made. Her brother's child was very dear to her, but now strengthened by the presence of her disliked sister-in-law, she resolved that justice should take its course.

"John, you ought to punish that child for her impertinence," she began with severity; and at this Katie laughed a young laugh of derision. The idea of being punished by her papa struck her as being humorous, and she read partizanship and the promise of support in her mother's bright speaking face.

"My papa won't scold me for saying 'old thing'—and you mustn't, may she, mamma?" Katie was a fair, ethereal looking child, winning and pretty to an extraordinary degree, but it is astonishing how intensely disagreeable such a child can be to any one on whom it feels its safe to empty its small vials of contempt.

"I think, as poor little Katie has offended you, Aunt Sarah, that we had better go home," Kate said, rising gracefully; "we came to spend the evening—didn't we, John? However, it can't be helped."

"Oh, nonsense!—sit down," John Galton said, rather nervously. He hated feminine sparring matches. They always, he observed, commenced about, and ended in nothing, and he liked tangibilities. So now he told Kate to sit down, and called Katie to "come and tell him what she had been doing while he had been away." This last was unwise, for by so doing he left the belligerents to their own devices.

"That child is ruined by being left so much to servants," Miss Galton commenced. "You won't send her to school, and you go away and leave her, as my poor dear mother never thought of leaving us—never thought of it."

"The result of your mother's practice is enough to make me follow it, certainly," Kate said coolly. The propriety of conciliating Miss Galton, if possible, now at this dull season when there was nothing else to do, was ceasing to be so vividly before her.

"At all events, the conduct of my mother's children never brought a blush to any one's cheek," Miss Galton replied fiercely.

She was quite ready to take the daggers, aye, and use them too, for she had expected Kate to be contumacious about this coming back to the Grange, and Kate, instead of being contumacious, had been surprisingly quiescent. Altogether, Miss Galton felt disappointed in her sister-in-law, and she was not one who brooked disappointment, or one who could take an unlooked-for turn in events nicely.

"What uninteresting courses you must all have run then," Kate said, languidly. "Fancy having been so discreet all your lives as never to have made even 'goodyness' blush and tremble for you and for itself in your society."

"It's more than *every one* can say—more's the pity."

Miss Galton almost snorted as she said this.

"As you say," Mrs. Galton said, affably, fastidiously putting on her glove as she spoke, and buttoning it with precision. "'Tis true—'tis pity—pity 'tis, 'tis true.' Every one can't say it. I can't, for instance. I never had such a vaulting ambition as to attempt to pass through this world unblushed for. I have only been careful never to blush for myself. Now, Bijou, look sharp, dear; don't stand gaping, but put your hat on and come home."

"I thought you said you had come to spend the evening with me, Mrs. John?"

"So we did."

"Do you call this spending the evening?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, why don't you stay a little longer then—unless you have left company up at the Grange, when *of course*—"

Miss Galton, who had drifted into softness for a moment, relapsed into severity again at the bare mention of the company—the creature of her own brain.

"No, we have no one with us; but you haven't made it too pleasant to-night, Sarah, I must say," John Galton said, deprecatingly.

"Never mind, dear. Pray don't say anything, John," Kate murmured, soothingly. Meekness under unmerited rebuke was a strong card—therefore Kate played it. "We ought not to have come and taken your sister by storm to-night, but I hadn't seen her for so long, that I thought she'd excuse it being late."

"I never thought—but there, you will twist and turn my meaning," Miss Galton replied bitterly. "Late! I never care for John coming late. But I'd better not speak—I'm always wrong."

When a woman declares that she had better not speak, and that she is always wrong, the wisest thing to do is to flee her presence immediately, before she has time to say a great deal in the endeavor to prove herself right. These self-accusations are signals for departure that is is worse than folly to disregard. John Galton would have stayed to combat these low opinions which his sister had formed respecting herself. But Kate was wise as well as wary, therefore she developed inflexibility of purpose, and went away, taking John and Katie with her, and leaving Mrs. Galton a prey to unuttered spitefulness.

John Galton did not speak as they walked along the village street, but when they had passed into their own grounds, and the gate was closed behind them, he began.

"I wish to heaven, Kate, that Sarah and you could hit it off better. I don't say that it's your fault, dear."

"Still you think that it is, John. Now, don't be unjust, but acknowledge that Sarah is too litigious for an angel even to agree with her long. I very rarely do take any notice of what she says, but to-night I was tired, I suppose, and I had gone down meaning to be amiable, and rather hoping that she would see that I meant to be amiable. That being the case, her manner was enough to put any one out—now, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was."

"You see she's the same, whatever I do, John—whether I try to please, or whether I do not try to please her, I am always wrong in her estimation. What hurts me most," Kate continued, with virtuous emotion, "is that sometimes I feel she impregnates you with her unjust views about me. On more than one occasion she has succeeded in sowing seeds of discord in your breast, John."

"Never, Kate, never! Jove! though, Katie ought not to hear such things." He said this in a low tone, but presently he forgot his precautions, for he burst out heartily with—"Succeeded in making me distrust you? No! She never has, and she never will! Distrust you, Kate, darling! Do you know that would be death to me!

He did not say it in the tones a young impassioned chivalrous boy would use to the object of his first love dream. The declaration that death must ensue when distrust sets in, is common enough under such circumstances, and is to be taken for exactly what it is worth. John Galton meant all he said, and Kate, whose hand he had taken and placed securely within his arm, felt that he meant it.

She tried to get a peep at his face without his seeing her, and she succeeded, for his eyes were bent steadily on the ground before him. She succeeded. She saw his face, and marked that it looked graver than usual, but frank and kind as ever. Then, for all the frankness and kindness—for all the love he had but just expressed for her—for all the thousand bonds of sympathy a nine years' union ought to have caused to spring up between them—Kate Galton felt that she was weary of life at the Grange, and of the man who had brought her there to be its mistress.

"The night air is chilly," she said, with a little shudder. "I shall go to bed at once, I think, for the journey has tired me—and I shall not speak again till the morning."

Then when his wife said that, John Galton crushed back the desire that was in his heart to have some quiet conversation with her, in the course of which he could tell her how he had always loved and trusted her, and how nothing that mortal could say or do could cause him to love and trust her one atom less. It would have been pleasant to him to tell her this, not in romantic phrase—he was not a romantic man—but in some plain, strong sentences that would have gone straight to her heart. However, she was sleepy, and the journey had tried her, therefore he never said the words, and Kate rejoiced in his reticence.

"The dream of being niece to Sarah is over," Kate said to herself when she reached her dressing-room; "but I have made him see how wrong she was to-night, and that's a good work, for it will pave the way to his often finding her very wrong. Oh, dear! To-morrow, and all on for ever so long, will be like this evening. Poor old stupid! He will sit and look as if I ought to speak to him, and I have nothing to say."

Then she gazed in the glass, and took pleasure in her beauty, and congratulated herself on her management of it, and wished that Beelzebub had run second for the Two Thousand, and that Mr. Linley lived near enough for her to cultivate an intellectual friendship with him—for "he thoroughly understood and appreciated her," she told herself; and perhaps she was right.

John Galton sat alone for two hours after his wife had retired that night. He sat alone, plunged in thought, not in anxious or unhappy thought, by any means, but still in vexed thought for all that. He was not a man to cherish idle dreams of universal harmony, but he keenly desired that peace and good-will should reign amongst those who were of his own household, and his own kith and kin. It had only come to him lately to see clearly how antagonistic his wife and his sister were to each other. For years his vision had been indistinct in the matter—he had seen dimly that they "didn't hit off," as he called it, but it had never occurred to him to seek for a reason why they did not do so. Now, to-night they had forced

him to see more than one reason—his sister had implied that she did not deem his wife too prudent, and his wife had suffered him to see that she had long been aware of this adverse opinion, and that she regarded it as less than nothing—in fact that she despised it. "And well she might—being what she was," he told himself, proudly and honestly. Yet, though his honest pride in Kate was unshaken, he could not forget that the opinion she scorned, the judgment she held in such obvious contempt, had emanated from his sister.

He sat alone, neither unhappy nor anxious, but just a little sore and vexed that "some people couldn't be satisfied unless the rest of the world was cut after their own pattern. Sarah would like every one to go to heaven in her carriage," he finally decided. "It comes of her having lived by herself at Haversham all her life. Kate's too bright for her; some people would tell me that she is too bright for me too, but I know her so well."

He meant that he loved her so well—too well for her to be anything but perfectly congenial and admirably adapted to him. In his case perfect love had cast out fear—and Mrs. Galton knew it.

A week passed away, during which Mrs. John Galton and her husband's sister abstained from each other entirely, and John Galton shot and rode and broke in a new setter, and was happy. There was plenty of game that year, and as he never tired of shooting it so he deemed it possible that Kate would never tire of seeing it shot; therefore he would issue cordial invitations to her every morning over the breakfast table to drive into some field which he would mention, and bring him some luncheon about one. In former days, when three or more guns would be out, Kate had joined thus far in her husband's sports and pastimes with a charming vivacity, that had made him feel her to be specially designed for a country gentleman's wife. But now the case was altered; it was a weariness and woe to her to go. Still she went daily as he asked her, remembering that other days might dawn.

On the Friday after their return, they received a note from Mr. Linley. I say "they" received it—but the note was to Kate:

"I have taken a shooting-box at Lownds, and I want Galton to bring his dogs and have a few days amongst the turnips with me. Do you think you could make up your mind to come with him, and put up with the rough accommodation of a bachelor's establishment? If you will do so, I shall be eternally grateful to you; as you will, with your customary amiability, take the office of tea-maker upon yourself, I feel sure."

"He has evidently only asked me because he thinks you wouldn't go without me, John," Mrs. Galton said, handing the letter to her husband, and arranging a pout for his edification when he should look up after perusing it.

"Oh! I don't know; I daresay he will be better pleased to see you than me. Your style of talk suits him better, you see, Kate," John Galton replied honestly.

"I don't believe that—but I'll go, dear. I know you can't bear being without me," Kate said, virtuously. Then she sighed, and added, "but it is hard to leave the Grange so soon again."

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAVERING!

Frank Burgoyne had done himself no ill-service by that piece of reprehensible carelessness of his which had terminated so badly for the Baron. That it to say, he had done himself no ill-service with those powerful partizans, the women. His aunts, for instance, idolized him and his injured limb with a wealth of idolatory no amount of perfect health would ever have been able to call forth. They made him and his patient endurance of sufferings, that they slightly overestimated, the theme of a hymn of praise, in which Theo Leigh eventually joined. For—be tolerant, reader—Theo was young and impressionable, and it is not in the nature of woman to hear eternally that a man is a hero without going into a state of worship for him. She had given her heart, she had been ready to give herself, without doubt or fear, to Harold Ffrench—she had suffered a horrible agony of baffled love and hope on his account; she had defied censure for his sake, and set up her belief respecting him in opposition to her father's. But now—now, though the time was young since all this had been—this young blue-eyed man, who to his cost resembled the bad Burgoyne, had a large share of her thoughts; to say nothing of the power he possessed of making the old smile that Harold had banished irradiate the face of Theo Leigh.

She was not false, she was not fickle, she was not weak in affection even, or a votary of that luxurious creed which holds it lawful to make love to the lips that are near when the lips that are loved are not by. But she listened too long to the before-mentioned hymn of praise respecting Frank for absolute indifference to continue its reign in her heart about every other man than Harold Ffrench.

A good deal of the bloom of her beauty had been brushed off; her glow was gone, and her eyes were brighter and less soft than of yore. The bound was gone from her step too, and the highest notes of her voice were rarely, indeed never called into requisition now. Every one knows the difference these changes make in a girl, surely. We have all marked it in ourselves, or others, and felt sorrowfully that the first great experience has been learnt, that the brook and river have met, and that another fellow-creature is freed from the most glorious of all illusions—the belief in the enduring nature of love's young dream.

But though the best of her beauty—its brightness, bloom, and freshness—was gone, enough remained for her to seem a very fair thing in any man's eyes. A tenderness had come in the place of the lost buoyancy, that was soothing; and as Frank Burgoyne had not known her in her buoyant days, he was well pleased with that which had come, and incapable of lamenting its inferiority to that which had vanished.

She got to think more about him than she otherwise would have done, and to like him better out of the very generosity of her nature and the depth of her love for Harold Ffrench. She heard this young man, in whose society she was thrown through no design on her part, spoken of as one whom Harold might be made to injure in a measure. They were rivals in the race for a prejudiced old man's favor, and right she could but feel was with the man who was before her, suffering; the man who never pushed that right, or sought to disparage that rival, or took the shadow of an advantage: all he seemed to desire, all he sought to win, was a higher opinion of his character from his grandfather, not the suffrages of Lord Lesborough. She felt him to be very noble and very disinterested, and this question began to torture her: "Would there not be foul meanness and cowardly falseness in Harold taking from this gallant young gentleman what would never be given to Harold did Lord Lesborough know of him that which to her cost she knew. She could not breathe the story that had been rent from Harold in an agony that she felt, though she had not seen it! She could not breathe it; but if he knew of Lord Lesborough's intentions, and still suffered that story to remain untold! the only thing that remained to her now—her faith in his honor—would be gone.

Through all these changes of feeling she could not refrain from identifying herself with Harold, though she knew him worse than dead to her. Whenever she identified herself with Harold, she was doubly kind and attentive, and softly, gently devoted to the man whom Harold might possibly injure; and he marked her manner and responded to it, and made her read poetry to him, and painted little word-pictures of vanished dreams that he had had, of longings and aspirations after "a career," which had assailed him at divers periods. So a friendship sprang up between these two, a friendship that would have been love but for the memory of the man who had brought his maturity to bear upon her mind, down under the sun on that marsh-bank that had witnessed her transformation!

What were the poems we read in '61? I ask, because to them was due the temporary lapse from that perfect fidelity which poor mistaken Theo believed that it behored her to keep unimpaired. She read mellifluous verses to him—to Frank with the blue eyes and the bandaged arm—and he looked as if he felt all the rhymes expressed, and altogether it was very dangerous.

Dangerous, but uncommonly agreeable, for they were eminently sympathetic, these young people; they both had an ear for unforced easy rhyme, and an aversion to a false quantity. They both liked suggestive poetry too, and as Alfred Austin and Owen Meredith had not illumined literature in those days, they were compelled to fall back on those fountain-heads of suggestive sweetness, Byron and Moore.

So she read with a deeper pathos in her tone than she quite intended, because she was thinking a good deal of the one who had vitalized Byron to her; and he, the interesting sufferer, listened with a deeper pathos even than hers in his looks, because it was the habit of his eyes to look pathetic things on very small provocation. Then before the reading or the listening had palled upon either, Theo put her aunt's offer into execution, and sent a cordial invitation to join her to her Bretford ally, pretty Sydney Scott.

"I shall not be able to come up to-morrow morning," Theo said to Ethel Burgoyne one day, after sitting for an hour or two with the young aunt and nephew, who were so singularly alike at times, so oddly dissimilar at others. "I shall not be able to come up to-morrow morning; a friend of mine is coming to the vicarage."

"Bring him up with you," Frank suggested, languidly. He was out in the garden for the first time since his accident, and the two girls, Ethel and Theo, were following him about in a state of admiring awe, for that he was able to walk and stand the full light of day.

"My friend is a Miss Sydney Scott," Theo replied quickly, but without anything that could be construed into a blush; "she's such a pretty girl, too."

"All the more reason for bringing her up, Miss Leigh. I'll do no end of politences in the calling line as soon as ever I can ride over; but just at present you must be lenient and teach your friend to be lenient too. She must call on me, as you have done—will she?"

"I have no doubt she will," Theo said.

"That's right, that's well; not one call only, but many, for you must not let her keep you away: I couldn't do without you, Theo." Then he passed round close to her side, and whispered as Ethel paused to gather a flower, "You do me more good than you can imagine. If I had but known you two or three years ago I should have been a different fellow."

There is something extraordinarily touching in this statement always. A woman may not care to see a man different in anywise; he may appear in her eyes incapable of improvement; yet his assertion that had he known her before he would have been a different man, is a tribute to her power that she can but feel. It sets her wondering what her influence might have been, and what would have called it forth, and in what way he would have altered under it. It makes her think about him in connection with herself, throws open a wide field of conjecture, and gives her the idea of there being that something sympathetic between herself and him—that something which is so sweet while it lasts, so sad when it is over, even though love does not spring up through its agency.

So when Frank Burgoyne told Theo Leigh in a low tone of voice (that low tone of voice does a power of mischief in itself) that he "would have been a different fellow had he known her two or three years ago," it set her thinking of him with a degree of gentle turbulence that, if well managed, will assuredly develope into something more exquisite still.

The average young lady of this world and age says, when such a speech is made to her, "Oh! now what nonsense," or, "how can you say so, when you know you don't mean it?—ridiculous!" But Theo was just a little different to the majority; neither better nor worse perhaps in reality, but a little different decidedly. She neither blushed nor called that statement of his "ridiculous," but she began wondering curiously whether indeed she might have influenced this man for his good whom Harold, her love, might injure. But of that wonder came a thought which clothed itself in these words:

"I would have taught you to be careful: I would have taught you to remember about the Baron!"

"You would have taught me something else," he said.

"Ah! but that first, because it means pleasing your grandfather; and you ought to please him, you ought to be careful."

"For whose sake, Theo?—I am alone in the world—that is to say, I have only a mother. No one will be much injured or much benefited whether I stand or fall with Lord Lesborough. Who would care? Would you?"

"Yes, I would—I would!" She flamed her answer out upon him, in a way that made him think the little girl was further gone than he had intended her to be in the time. "She's got over that fellow quickly, and no mistake," he thought, for he adjudged that this prompt interest which she betrayed was a heart-felt one for him.

"So! you would care to see me keep straight with my mighty relative?"

"Yes; how like a German that 'so' was."

"What do you know of Germans?"

"Just nothing."

"Then how did you know that there was aught Germanic in my way of expressing gentle surprise and acquiescence?"

"Well! I've heard some one I know very well say 'so' in that way so often—oh! so often;—and he told me that without being an imitative animal he had picked up that most non-committal of expressions during his residence in Germany."

"And who is your friend?" he asked; "who is the happy man whose rather weak reasons for a rather weak result are worth remembering?"

Theo felt older than Frank Burgoyne on the spot. None but a very young man ever indulges himself in these verbal impertinencies.

"I never questioned either reason or result, therefore they never seemed weak to me," she replied. You have given them importance, so you ought to be the last to find fault with their having it."

"You haven't told me who your friend was."

"He was Mr. Harold Ffrench," she answered. Then, at the sound of her own voice mentioning his name, all her love for him, all her fears for him, all her longings that he might come out scatheless after all, welled up, and she went on: "Oh! I wish I had known you sooner, Frank Burgoyne, or that I had never known you at all."

What wonder that Frank Burgoyne dressed his mental plumes more carefully from this moment, and deemed that Theo was in love with him.

Ethel had gathered her flower and adjusted it in her belt by this time.

"Pretty, isn't it?" that young lady asked abruptly, coming up, and taking Frank by the sound arm, and pointing to the result of her horticultural labors. "Scarlet geranium goes well with anything; this blue dress might have been made for it, and so might every other I remember that I have worn with it."

"I should think it would look pretty in your dark hair at night, Miss Leigh," Frank suggested.

"It does look well in my hair at night," Theo answered, rather absently.

"The next time you come here to dine, I'll have a bouquet of it ready for you, shall I?"

"If you will."

"No, but if you will I shall do so."

"I shall be much obliged. I always like flowers."

"I won't prepare them carefully only to have them accepted in such an indifferent spirit. If you won't accept my simple flowers, I shall be indeed unbleased; but even that would be better for me than the seeing them taken and worn negligently."

"They shall be worn with such care and consideration, that they shall last the whole night, Mr. Burgoyne. What more can I say?"

"And what more can I or any other man expect? 'Last the whole night!' Why, it's a colossal triumph to hear that an offering, a sacrifice, shall have a lady's attention for a whole evening. So you'll really wear them till they wither."

"They look equally well in fair hair, Frank, let me tell you," Ethel struck in. "I'm rather fond of adorning my yellow locks with crimson and scarlet. I know some people think they are too pronounced for a blonde to wear, but then some people are wrong."

"It's very little consequence what blondes wear, in my opinion," Frank said languidly; "you're an exception, Ethel, but as a rule I can't say I admire fair women sufficiently to regard with attention anything in which they may please to array themselves. I like depth and intensity," he continued, turning to Theo, "and that you don't get, you know, in ninety-nine fair faces in a hundred. I like intensity, color, and warmth, such as you have," he added in a whisper.

"Aunt Libby will be developing color, and warmth, and intensity of anger if I don't go home soon," Theo replied, laughing. She would not treat his speech with tender silence, but it made her thrill. She was very loyal to the lost love; she was almost resentful against herself for being an atom touched by this man's approbation and manner of showing it. Yet she was conscious the while that she was touched, and that there was nothing very reprehensible in reality in her being so. One always feels a little nervous when drifting, drifting away!

"Don't make her angry enough to put any obstacle in the way of your resolve to bring your friend, and come again to-morrow," he said aloud.

Then Theo replied "certainly not," and gave him her hand in farewell with eyes averted from his gaze. It was the first time those honest gray eyes of hers had ever fallen before him, and there was something of triumph to him in the thought that they had done so at last.

She drove herself home in her aunt's little pony carriage, and then, after reporting herself "returned," and "Mr. Burgoyne much better," she asked for and gained permission to go on to the station and meet Sydney.

"You may go if you like, my dear," Mrs. Vaughan told her, for Mrs. Vaughan thought that things looked well for the Burgoyne alliance, and was therefore tolerant to all the "whims," as to her heart of hearts she called them, of the one who might compass it. Then she weighted her consent with a veiled reprimand.

"Not that I should have supposed it possible that you couldn't wait till to-morrow morning to make those confidences to your friend which I am not to hear; however, go by all means, and meet her at the station."

"Thank you, aunt; with the pony, I suppose? I have no 'confidences' to make, I assure you, but I should think it kinder, were our positions reversed, for Sydney to meet me than if she sent a servant—so I'll go."

"Oh, my dear, I'm neither jealous nor suspicious, I assure you," Aunt Libby rejoined quickly; "and I know that young people like to talk their idle folly unhampered by the presence of their elders. Well, if you're going it is time to go, for the train must be nearly due."

So Theo, who did not care to combat the insinuation, went to meet and make welcome her friend.

She saw Sydney's face at the window as the train stopped—saw Sydney before Sydney caught sight of her, and marked that the usually beaming blonde looked less bright than of yore. But a minute after she caught sight of Theo, and sprang out on to the platform, exclaiming:—

"How jolly of you to have come yourself, Theo! well, dear, I'm so glad to be with you; but what a hole of a place it seems."

"Just the station; the village is pretty, and there are some nice—well, I can't tell you now, but I don't think you will be dull," Theo replied, thinking as she spoke of the antidotes to dullness that were to be found at Maddington. "I have brought the pony-car up for you: I suppose it will hold all your luggage?"

They had turned the corner of the station-house by this time, and come in view of the pony-car, which Sydney surveyed with a critical eye.

"What a little beast of a trap for that handsome little pony to be put in, Theo; what a mistake to spoil his look in that way, for he's as handsome as a harness-pony need be. Hold my luggage, my dear! I respect my dressee, and always travel with them laid out straight in a box that will take the length of their skirts; box won't go into *that* car, I know."

"You must please to send it up, then," Theo said, turning to the station-master.

"Any time this evening do, miss?" the man asked.

"Oh! yes; I suppose so, at least?" Theo rejoined, looking interrogatively at Miss Sydney, who forthwith drew a small watch from her belt, and inquired:—

"What time do you dine?"

"Directly we get home; you won't be expected to dress."

"But I expect myself to dress, thank you; the porters must bring my big box up at once. You had visitors the first night you came, and who knows that I may not have visitors too? I'm not vain a bit: I know that I can't stand inspection after a long journey till I have got myself up afresh."

Then she stepped into the car, and asked Theo "might she drive?" and on Theo willingly acceding, she plied the whip so freely on the handsome lazy pony that Theo trembled lest the sound of that flagellation should by any chance reach the ears of her aunt.

"What is going on at Bretford? How did you know that I had visitors on the night of my arrival?" Theo asked, when they were fairly on their road, and had told each other three times that "they were very glad to meet again."

"Oh, the usual amount of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. I don't care for it, though; I know that I am tremendously unpopular with the ladies."

"But I don't think that you are unpopular," Theo urged; "I never heard anyone speak anything but well of you there yet, do believe me, Sydney. It must be horrid to fancy oneself disliked in the way you do."

"Oh! it is horrid, of course," Sydney rejoined, with a bright smile; "but I know that I am unpopular. However, 'I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me,' as the old song says; besides, as Hargrave says, after all it's easy to know why I am unpopular. I'm not vain, but I can't help knowing the reason. No, it wasn't Hargrave said that, it was Mr. Linley."

"Mr. Linley! what! have you seen him again?"

"I should think so!—rather! He has taken a shooting-box down near here, at Lownds, and he has asked my permission to call on me at your aunt's, which I needn't say that I have given graciously. They always taught me to be provident when I was a child, so I take care now to provide against dullness whenever I can. I *hope* I shall have time to dress before dinner."

Miss Scott had ample time to dress before dinner, for the porters had been rather impressed by a certain something that savored of liberality, not to say lavishness, in her manner, and her long box followed her quickly. The toilette was made, and successfully made too. Still disappointment enthroned itself upon her brow as the evening wore on, for nobody came. She could but feel that her efforts to appear fresh after a long journey were wasted, since none but the Vaughans and Theo were by to see them.

The following day brought a note from Miss Burgoyne inviting them up to luncheon at Maddington. They went, both in higher spirits than usual, for the communion with a bright unclouded girl of her own age had been good for Theo. They set each other off, and because each other so well that Frank Burgoyne experienced difficulty in deciding to which he would award the palm of beauty. "Theo has more in her and is therefore the more attractive girl," he said to himself; "the other's pretty, but only pretty, nothing more."

Judging thus, he still devoted himself chiefly to Theo, a course of proceeding which laid him open to Sydney's righteous indignation. She was not accustomed to be put in the background, and the feeling that she was occupying that unpleasant position now caused her spirits to collapse after a time, and made her adopt an air of complete indifference to the young man who had suffered her to lapse into it—an air of such complete indifference that it might have deceived a man who had had no experience of her sex into imagining it real, but that was as a veil of the thinnest gauze over her sentiments to Frank Burgoyne. He saw that she was *thinking about him*, and began to question whether after all there was so much more in Theo Leigh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEEDLES and pins are now sharpened by electricity. The discovery of the invention has just been made by a telegraphic engineer at Lausanne, and promises very valuable results. Mr. Canderay, the gentleman in question, has discovered that the electric current is capable of performing readily and cheaply an operation which, as practiced hitherto, has been one of the most unhealthy within the whole range of the industrial arts, namely, that of sharpening the points of pins and needles. The application of this discovery to the sharpening of pins and needles as a manufacturing process, seems to have been thoroughly tested, and we are told that the pointing of these instruments by electrical agency requires so little battery power when practiced on the great scale, that it is materially cheaper than the old method of pointing them, while the points obtained are much more perfect than have ever been got by grinding.

☞ That was a smart youngster who, hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then why don't you buy me a drum?"

☞ If four quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?

☞ The most powerful men sometimes doubt their power. The feeblest never.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is little inquiry for Flour. About 2,000 bbls have been disposed of, at $10.25@11 for common to good and choice extras; $11@11,50 for extra family; $12,@12.50 for fancy brands, and superfine at $9.25@9,75 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour—Sales at $8,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off. Sales 15,000 bushels at $2,50@2,55 for good to prime Pennsylvania and western reds, and $2,60@2,80 for white. Rye is selling at $1,72@1.75, the latter for prime Pennsylvania. Corn—Sales of 25,000 bushels yellow at $1,58@1,59. Oats—Sales 50,000 bushels at 80@81.

PROVISIONS—The market for barrelled Meats is unsettled; we quote Mess Pork at $37@39, and Mess Beef at $20@24 ₩ B, the latter for extra Western. Beef Hams sell at about $28; Dressed Hogs are dull within the range of 16@17 the 100 lbs. Bacon meets with a limited demand at 20@21c for Hams, and 20@21c for Shoulders. Green Meats are steady, with further sales of 600 casks Hams to pickle at 20@21c, mostly at 20½c for prime sugar cured, and 18@18½c for Shoulders in salt. Lard is selling at 23½@24½c for good to prime Western tcs, and 26@27c for kegs. Butter—Sales at 35@40c for roll and 37@38c for common to prime packed. Cheese is steady at 18@25c for common to prime. Eggs are selling at 32@34c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market continues active. About 300 bales found buyers at 62@63c for middlings, including 175 bales Porto Cabello at 64c.

BARK—Sales of about 80 hhds Quercitron at $53 for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX—Sales of 4,000 lbs at 60c for good Yellow.

COAL—The demand for shipment is good at $8.50@9.50 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firmer. Sales Rio, at 39@44½c, cash and time, and 650 bags St Domingo at 38½c ₩ lb.

FEATHERS—Sales at 77@80c for Western.

FRUIT is rather more active, but the sales are confined to Dried Apples and Peaches, at 12@13c for the former, 25@28c for the latter, unpared, quarters, and halves. Pared Peaches are scarce, and Green Apples and Cranberries scarce and high.

HAY is steady at $31@32 ₩ ton for baled.

HOPS are quiet, and selling at 45@55c ₩ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There are some inquiry for Pig Metal at $40@45 for forge and $50@52 for foundry, the latter for good No 1.

OILS—Sales Petroleum at 65@67c for crude and 67@70 for refined in bond.

PLASTER is unchanged and quoted at $6@6½ ₩ ton.

RICE is offering at 12@13c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Sales of 1800 bus Cloverseed at 9½@16½ ₩ bus; 300 bus Timothy at $3½@3¾; and Flaxseed at $3.45@3,50 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum is quoted at $1.40@2,30. Whiskey—Sales at $2.30@2,32 for refined and Western bbls, $2,07@2,25 for Drudge, and $1,95@2,20 for hhds.

SUGARS—Sales of 1200 hhds Cuba at 16@18½c; 450 boxes at 15@17½c; 250 bbls sugar house at 18@19½c, and 700 bbls refined at 24@25½c.

TALLOW is dull at 14½@15c for Western, and 15½@16c for city rendered.

WOOL—The market continues very inactive; sales are reported, mostly fleece, within the range of 95@103c, and tub at 110@115c.

JARRO'S "KIMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and retiring lady may use the exquisite "Kimail" without hesitancy. L'Kimail is especially endorsed by Mlle. Vestvali, Lucille Western, Mrs D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists, Perfumers and Ladies Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARRO & RUSH, Philada., Pa. mar11-3m

SMALL-POX has already sacrificed some of our best and bravest troops. Soldiers, listen to the voice of reason, supply yourselves with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood and strengthen the stomach, while the ointment removes all pain, and prevents pit marks. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box *free of expense*. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

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Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

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Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 80 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $1; two, $3; twelve, $10. feb25-cow10t

CON'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HANE, No. 24 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

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HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.13. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 123 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Feb., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ANDREW J. FLOWERS, of Alexandria, Va., to Miss LAVINIA LAWSON, of this city.

On the 20th of Feb., by the Rev. Dr. Newton, ISAIAH H. CROWELL, U. S. N., of Boston, Mass., to EMMA FITZLER, daughter of Wm. N. Maull, U. S. N., of Philada.

On the 17th of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Castle, JOHN S. FRANKS to MAGGIE E. HUBBS, both of West Philada.

On the 16th of Feb., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. GEORGE PALMER to Miss EMMA ARRONSON, daughter of Geo. Arronson, Esq., both of this city.

On the 19th of Oct. last, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. CHARLES A. REYNOLDS to Miss LIZZIE H. HOBSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Feb., SUSAN DOBBINS, wife of Geo. W. Cambios, and daughter of the late Lt. Benj. S. Budd, of Mount Holly.

On the 27th of Feb., ELIZABETH PAUL, in her 81st year.

On the 19th of Feb., GEORGE W. WILSON, in his 26th year.

On the 27th of Feb., JOHN MONTGOMERY, in his 45th year.

On the 27th of Feb., SARAH, wife of Christopher Weldon, aged 48 years.

On the 20th of Feb., Mr. JAMES H. JEFFRIES, of Co. F, 198th regt. P. V., aged 33 years.

On the 26th of Feb., HANNAH HUDSON, in her 83d year.

On the 24th of Feb., Mr. JAMES A. WRIGHT, in his 45th year.

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AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 19 White St., New York. jan7-3m

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PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from $15 to 18.00 ₩ 100 lbs. 3500 Hogs at from $19.00 to 21.00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 11 to 12½c ₩ lb. 93 Cows brought from $30 to 50 ₩ head.

U.S. 7-30 Loan.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of the United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of August 15, 1864, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

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These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent., including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its *exemption from State and municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. more*, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to
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Two cents per day on a $100 note.
Ten cents per day on a $500 note.
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Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

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SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
feb13-4t PHILADELPHIA.

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No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer, Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

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From Godey's Lady's Book.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

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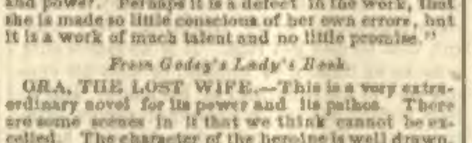
jan14-tf



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WIT AND HUMOR.

Some Critic.

Artemus K. Ward, the "wax-work" man, is out with another letter. Hear him:

"I am travellin with a tent, which is better nor hirin halls. My show consists of a series of wax-works, a panerammy called a grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, comic songs, and the Cangaroo, which little cuss continues to conduct himself in the most outragious stile. I started out with the idea of making my show a grate Moral entertainment, but I'm compelled to aware so much at that air infernal Cangaroo, that I'm afraid that this desine will be flustrated to some extent. And while speaking of morality reminds me that sum folks turn up their noses at shows like mine, saying they is low and not fit to be patronized by people of high degree. Sure i maintain that this is infurnel nonsense. I maintain that wax figures is more elevatin than all the plays ever wroten. Take Shakspeer for instance. People think he's great things, but I contend he is quite the reverse to the contrary. What sort of sense is thar to King Lear, who goes round cussin his darters, chawin hay, and throwin straws at folks, and larfin like a lily old koot, and making a ass of himself generally?

"There's Mrs. Macbeth—she is a nice kind of women to have ain't she—a puttin old Mac, her husband, up to slayin Duncan with a chess knife, while he is a payin a friendly visit to their house. O, it's highly morality I spose, when she larfs wild and sez, 'gin me the daggers—I'll let his bowels out,' or words to that effech—I say this is all strickly proper, I spose? That Jack Fawlstaf is likewise an immoral old cuss, take him how you may; and Hamlit is as crazy as a loon. There's Richard Third—people think he is grate things, but I look upon him in the lite of a monster. He kills everybody he takes a noshun to, in cold blood, and then goes to sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a hoss, so he can go orf and kill sum more people. If he is not a fit specimen for the gallis, then I should like to know where you find um. There's Iergo, who is more ornery nor pizun. See how shamefully he treated that highly respectable injun gentleman, Mr. Otheller, makin him for to believe his wife was too thick with Casheo. Observe how Iergo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whiskey in order to carry out his sneakin desines. See how he works Mister Otheller's feelings up so that he goes and makes poor Desdemony swaller a piller, which causes her deth. But I must stop. At sum future time I shall continue my remarks on the drammer, in which I shall show the vast superiority of wax figgers, snaix, and the fixins in an interlectual point of view."

Anecdote of General Sherman.

When General Sherman was in command at Benton barracks, St. Louis, he was in the habit of visiting every part of that institution, and making himself familiar with everything that was going on. He wore an old brown coat and a "stove-pipe hat," and was not generally recognized by the minor officials or the soldiers. One day, while walking through the grounds, he met with a soldier who was unmercifully beating a mule.

"Stop pounding that mule," said the General.

"Git out!" said the soldier, in blissful ignorance of the person to whom he was speaking.

"I tell you to stop!" reiterated the General.

"You mind your business, and I will mind mine," replied the soldier, continuing his flank movement upon the mule.

"I tell you again to stop!" said General S. "Do you know who I am? I am General Sherman."

"That's played out!" said the soldier. "Every man who comes along here with an old brown coat and a stove-pipe hat on claims to be Gen. Sherman."

It is presumed that for once Gen. Sherman considered himself outflanked.

A Fine Tiger.

The wife of a shoddy contractor, who spent last summer abroad, and who brought back with her many of the forms, if not the ideas of London fashionable society, is very particular in training the members of her household to their observance. The other day she desired a new footman (a green Hibernian) to send some one down town with a message.

"Your boy's come back, ma'am," announced the footman, after the lapse of an hour or two.

"You should not say your boy, James," said his mistress; "you should say your tiger."

A couple of days afterwards she had occasion to send James himself to inquire after a lady friend, who was expecting a certain interesting event.

"Well, what answer did you get?" she inquired.

"Oh! it's all right, ma'am. The doctor says it's a fine little tiger."

A New Way of Making Money.—On learning through the Courrier des Etats-Unis that one William Snyder was fined ten dollars in the United States for having obtained a kiss of Miss Phebe L——, without her consent, the charming Blanche D., of Paris, exclaimed:

"Ungrateful country! you shall yet have my bones. Like Lafayette, I will emigrate in a noble cause to the land of Franklin."

"And what would you do there?" inquired one of her intimate friends.

"What! why I would let the men kiss me—without my consent!"

☞ A laugh has been got up at a Paris club at the expense of a not over-intelligent young French traveller, who has been making the grand tour of London during the most promising months for seeing life and fashion. He lodged at a house where no French was spoken, and he spoke no English, except that which is very comprehensible to an English lodging-house keeper's mind, namely, putting gold into his hand. The joke against him is, that his letters to his friends during this momentous visit were dated, "No. 4 Bill-stickers Beware, Leicester-square." This he declares was the name of the street he lived in.

☞ A country gentleman was strolling out with a cockney friend—a genuine cockney—when they finally approached a meadow in which was standing a glorious crop of hay. The cockney gazed at it wonderingly. It wasn't grass—it wasn't wheat—it wasn't turnip-tops. "Vy, vatever does you call this stuff?" said he to his companion. "That—why, hay, to be sure!" was the reply. "Hay! ha, ha! come, that's cutting it a little too thick! If that's hay, just show me the hay-corns—come, now!"

INFALLIBLE.

Millamant (who has dropped in for an hour at Stodge's, on his way to an evening party). "Boterwation! How shall I get rid of this tobacco smoke? Got any scent, Stodge?"

Stodge. "I've got the very thing, my dear fellow. Only keep one sort. Where's your handkerchief? There! There's nothing like turpentine!!" [*Krit Snell, disgusted.*

Military Talent in the War.

The Confederate cause, once so proud and defiant, now sadly humbled, seeks to escape total destruction. The great cause of this change in the aspect of affairs we do not consider to be, as is often alleged, the exhaustion of the military resources of the South. We do not even trace it to the numerical superiority of the Northern armies. We believe it arises chiefly from the development on our part of military talent which was in a dormant, or, at all events, in a subordinate position, at the commencement of the war. A comparison between the characteristics of the leading generals who have appeared on either side, will illustrate, perhaps, the correctness of this opinion, and will show that it does not rest on mere assertion.

Lee, the Confederate commander-in-chief, and Grant, our own lieutenant-general, afford ample material for our first parallel. Neither of these generals is as remarkable for his brilliant as for his sound and trustworthy qualities. Both of them have evidently great faith in the Napoleonic doctrine that victory rests with the strongest battalions. Both of them have great endurance and unconquerable determination; and they owe to these qualities much of their respective successes. An intelligent criticism of the present Richmond campaign will illustrate this fact. There is no doubt that Grant's original intention was to turn Lee's right flank, and cut him off from Richmond; and then to pass round the city on the west, connecting with a base to be established by Gen. Butler at Bermuda Hundred. Lee's determined attack at the Wilderness frustrated this plan. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that Lee confidently expected to drive Grant back across the Rapidan in three days, and so stated to some of his generals who subsequently fell into our hands. Here he was equally foiled.

After the first Bull Run the positions now occupied by Grant and Lee were held by McClellan and Joe Johnson respectively. Between these men also a great parallel exists. No two men in the ranks of the old regular army were considered to have exhibited more military talent than these. In organizing and disciplining troops, and in the great attribute of inspiring confidence in their followers, they were both unequalled. If they have comparatively failed as generals, it is rather from knowing too much than from knowing too little—from being too desirous to accomplish by manœuvre what others have accomplished by force—and too anxious never to give or receive battle, except with such strong probabilities of success as the great equality, not only of numbers and organization, but of race and morale, between our contending forces has rarely permitted commanders to count on.

When these distinguished tacticians failed, the one in Virginia, the other in Georgia, to accomplish all that the clamors of the people demanded, they were succeeded the one directly, the other after an intervening commander, by two so-called fighting generals, Hooker and Hood. No better corps commanders could possibly be found, no more determined men in assault or defence, no men more thoroughly characterized by personal bravery approaching to recklessness. Both possessed good capacities for manœuvring troops, as shown by Hood in his late invasion of Tennessee, and by Hooker in his manœuvres before Chancellorsville, and in his march from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg. Yet both failed where they were least expected to fail—in not being able to handle a large army as they handle a corps. If Johnston and McClellan fought too little, assured Hooker and Hood have fought too much.

The South look upon Stonewall Jackson with more veneration and respect than any other of their commanders, except Lee. His great merits were his executive ability, his determined fighting, and his admirable handling of isolated forces on the small scale which was assigned to him. In all these respects, however, we think either Sheridan, Hancock, or Warren, very much his parallel. The comparison could be traced in some curious particulars between these three Union officers and the famous Confederate general. Warren, for example, has often evinced a combination of dash and sound judgment, and a careful attention to details, which remind one of Jackson.

To Sherman, we can afford no parallel in the history of this or any other modern war. An abler tactician than Joe Johnson, whom he outmanœuvred from field to field; as determined a fighter, when the necessity arises, as either Hooker or Hood; as good an executive officer, when under Grant, as either Jackson, Meade, or Warren, he has shown in the combinations of his last campaign a strategical ability unparalleled since the days of Napoleon. His able government of Savannah exhibits a sound judgment and prudence which, combined with his other unequalled excellences, make him the greatest soldier the American people have yet produced.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

Revivification After Hanging.

The subjoined incident we had from a friend whose father was high sheriff of Tyrone about forty years ago. A country lad was hanged at Omagh for sheep-stealing—a penalty and offence frequently associated at that epoch. After the prescribed time the criminal was cut down and delivered to his friends for interment. They made the usual attempt at reviving him, and in this instance succeeded. The man recovered, retaining no outward marks of what had happened beyond a slight distortion of the neck. It was thought by many he had no right to be among the living, and that unholy agencies had helped him. He was shunned by his former companions, could obtain no work, and wandered about an alms beggar. Necessity drove him to the house of the gentleman who, in his official duty, had superintended the execution. He recognized, relieved and dismissed him, not being disposed to pursue the matter further. But, first, as a physical inquiry, asked him to describe his sensations on being turned off. He replied that he felt the jerk, but not so acutely as to produce insensibility, or even contusion. He appeared to have the power of looking above, below and around. All was of a bright vermillion color. An agreeable sensation then crept through his frame until he became insensible. "But," he added, "I can find no words to express the agony of gradually returning to consciousness!" Necessity, or what modern cant would call "his mission," drove him back to his old trade, which drove him again to the gallows, but this time without benefit of resuscitation.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Live Within Your Means.

We don't like stinginess, we don't like economy, when it comes down to rags and starvation. We have no sympathy with the notion that the poor man should hitch himself to a post and stand still, while the rest of the world moves forward. It is no man's duty to deny himself every amusement, every recreation, every comfort, that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceberg of himself, to shut his eyes and ears to the sufferings of his fellows, and to deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous actions, merely that he may hoard wealth for his heirs to quarrel about. But there is an economy which is every man's duty, and which is especially commendable in the man who struggles with poverty—an economy which is consistent with happiness, and which must be practiced if the poor man would secure independence. It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means; not to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into the account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured, when it can be, by the practice of economy and self-denial only to a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others to look upon, or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the consciousness of independence, and the constant satisfaction which is derived from its acquirement and possession.

What we Love a Woman For.—Some one, speaking of a beautiful girl with enthusiasm, said he was almost in love with her, though her understanding was by no means brilliant. "Pooh!" said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with understanding! We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and heaven knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we *esteem* (if it is brilliant,) and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay, more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions."

☞ Railway to One's Self.—It is something new under the sun to own a railway all to one's self—such a distinction, however, belongs to the Marquis of Exeter, who has taken the Stamford and Essendine Railway into his keeping. The rolling stock is the marquis's; he has appointed the officials; and the carriages bear his arms.

AGRICULTURAL.

Relative Value of Sheep.

The value of sheep, like that of other animals, depends on the object for which they are kept. If exclusively for wool, then those breeds which will produce the quality most in demand, and at the highest price, should be selected. Sheep are capable of furnishing both food and raiment. Where mutton can be readily sold, those breeds which fatten easily, and at an early age, should be raised. Many of the English breeds have an advantage over others in this respect.

As distance from large markets increase, mutton becomes less and less a matter of attention, and wool more and more the main object in rearing sheep. Hence, in the latter case, those breeds which are mainly desirable for their wool-producing properties are to be sought. For this purpose the Merino is probably not excelled by any other breed.—*Rural American.*

Farmers' Clubs.

If the Farmers' Club appears to languish from want of interest, try new methods. Committees may be appointed to report on various subjects after a full investigation. Give them some new crop to consider, or some new implement. Let one committee report on the condition of the farms in its vicinity, and what improvements it can suggest, and another on the farms in another part of the town. Sometimes an interesting correspondence can be got up with a club in a neighboring town, and the clubs of two or three adjoining towns may fix a day for meeting together in some central place. A dull and dry routine, into which clubs are apt to fall, is the bane of such associations. Study change and variety, therefore, if need be, to keep up the interest, and let each member feel that he can do much to attain this end.

Bloody Milk.—A farmer writing to the Rural American says:—"I had one of the worst cases in my dairy that I ever saw. Knowing of no remedy, I experimented. I gave the cow one ounce of saltpetre and a handful of common salt in a bran mess, and washed the udder thoroughly with strong soapsuds as hot as I could apply with my hands. A perfect cure was immediately effected."

☞ No man living, says Judge French, can show a good orchard of grafted fruit which was kept in grass the first ten years of its life. It is a point settled beyond controversy, that orchards, to be healthy and productive, must be cultivated most of the time.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Luncheon Cake.—A little good sweet yeast, a pound of flour, a small quantity of milk, ten eggs, half a pound of butter, and a little salt. Put a tablespoonful of yeast, and half a teacupful of warm milk with the flour, and put it in a warm place to rise. Beat well the yolks of ten eggs, and the whites of two, and with the hand mix them and half a pound of butter, and half a teaspoonful of salt with the dough. Half fill buttered teacups or small basins with the dough. Set them to rise until the cups or basins are nearly full, and then bake them in a hot oven.

Ginger Cake.—Take three pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, two ounces of ginger, and one pint of molasses; add a quarter of a pint of cream, and a little nutmeg. Mix warm, and bake in a slack oven.

Ginger Lozenges.—Mix with white of eggs four ounces of powdered ginger, two pounds of white sugar, and one pound of starch.

Chicken Salad.—Take a pair of fowls: boil them (saving the water for soup next day;) when entirely cold remove all the skin and fat, and disjoint them; cut the meat from the bones in very small pieces, not exceeding an inch; wash and split two large heads of celery, and cut the white part into pieces an inch long, and having mixed the chicken and celery together, put them in a deep China dish, cover and set it away. Just before the salad is to be eaten the dressing is to be put on, which is thus made: Take the yolks of eight hard-boiled eggs, put them into a flat dish, and mash them to a paste with the back of a spoon: add to the egg a teaspoonful of fine salt, do. cayenne pepper, 1 gill made mustard, 1½ wine-glass French vinegar, and 2 wine-glasses sweet oil; then add the yolk of 1 raw egg, well beaten, or 1 tablespoonful cream; mix all these ingredients thoroughly, stirring them a long time, till quite smooth. After you pour it on the chicken and celery, mix the whole well together. (Melted butter will do for oil.)

Pickled Shad.—Clean them well and wipe them with a dry cloth, cut them in pieces of convenient size for the tea-table; then add as much salt, whole pepper, alspice, cloves and mace as you choose; season it properly, sprinkle the spice between each layer of shad in a new earthen or stone vessel, fill it up with vinegar; if strong cider vinegar, it should have one-third water, and then tightly close the jar with dough, put it in the oven of a baker after the bread has come out at noon, and let it stand till ten o'clock at evening; do not open it till cool through; bruise the spices, but not grind them.

To Prevent Articles of Steel or Iron from Rusting.—Oxygen is abundant in the composition of water and atmosphere; and that quicklime has an astonishing affinity for it is evinced by the practice of using a little powdered lime, tied up in muslin, to beat out a minute portion of dust on the surface of polished steel or iron goods, such as fire-irons, fenders, and fronts of stoves of a superior quality, when not in use, to prevent their rusting. A more delicate instance is that of the manufacturers of needles, watch-springs, cutlery, &c., who generally put a small packet of quick-lime in any box or parcel of polished steel goods they may be sending to a distant customer, or with goods which they may put away as not likely to be wanted for some time, as security from rust. The following is very different, yet bearing upon the same principle: When bricklayers leave off work for a day or two, as from Saturday till Monday, they push their trowel in and out of the moist mortar, so that the bright steel may be smeared all over with a film of mortar, finding this plan an effectual remedy against rust.—*Builder.*

Oh, humbly take what God bestows,
And like His own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

☞ Oyster shells are in great demand in Paris for buttons and "pearls."

THE RIDDLER.

Double Rebus.

Of the gay drum the warlike sound;
A brute you could not tame;
A river which is much renowned;
A tiny insect's name;
A nice and sweetly-smelling scent;
A goddess to whom Egypt bent;
A dandy of some fame.

A piece of a machine, (curtailed;)
A general of old;
Who over British chiefs prevailed;
What they do who shops hold;
An engraved gem—one rather rare;
A word French people use for "where;"
He who folks' fortunes told.

Take the *initials*—when combined,
They'll form two words which show
Something which happened, you will find,
In Britain long ago;
And by the *finals* you'll find meant
Something which that great event
Did nearly overthrow. E. C. C.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in loading, and also in load.
My 2d is in corroding, and also in corrode.
My 3d is in poking, and also in poke.
My 4th is in provoking, and also in provoke.
My 5th is in bending, and also in bent.
My 6th is in sending, and also in sent.
My 7th is in folding, and also in fold.
My 8th is in scolding, and also in scold.
My 9th is in reading, and also in read.
My 10th is in feeding, and also in feed.
My 11th is in annoying, and also in annoy.
My 12th is in decoying, and also in decoy.
My 13th is in building, and also in build.
My 14th is in gilding, and also in gild.
My 15th is in heeding, and also in heed.
My 16th is in leading, and also in lead.
My 17th is in pleading, and also in plead.
My whole is a celebrated maxim.

CHAL.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Omit my 1st, and I am a kind of fish.
Omit my 1st and 2d, and I am an adverb.
My whole is a color. YATES.
Keokuk, Iowa.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a vegetable.
My second is used on doors.
My third is a distinguished general.
My whole is a river in the United States.
Robbinsville, N. J. J. L. SINGLETON.

Rhomboidical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Charles owns a certain tract of land, in the shape of a parallelogram, whose angles are not right angles, containing 248 acres and 64 perches, neat measure, within its four corners, A, B, C, and D. If a perpendicular is let fall from the first corner, A, to the line between the third and fourth corners, C and D, it will meet said line at right angles 42 perches from its middle or half-way distance out towards the fourth corner, D; and if a perpendicular is raised from the third corner, C, to the line between the first and second corners, A and B, it will meet this line at right angles 66 perches from its middle, or half-way distance, out towards the second corner, B. From these given datas it is required to find the length of each of the four lines of the whole track. AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The difference between two cubical blocks is 11773, and the difference of the sides is 4½ inches. What is the solidity of each?
Maytown, L. Co., Pa. S. L. YETTER.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Which is the greater, the greatest circle or the greatest rectangle, which can be inscribed in the quadrant of an ellipse whose semi-axis are 30 and 40 perches, and required their respective areas. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What article of clothing do the artist and dentist resemble? Ans.—A pair of drawers.

☞ What snuff-taker is that whose box gets the fuller the more snuff he takes? Ans.—A pair of snuffers.

☞ Why is a short negro like a tall white man? Ans.—Because he is not at all (a tall) black.

☞ How far is it to the bottom of the sea? Ans.—A stone's throw.

☞ In what month do ladies talk least? Ans.—February, because it is the shortest.

☞ Why is the soul a thing of no consequence? Ans.—Because it is immaterial.

☞ Why are the fixed stars like pen, ink, and paper? Ans.—Because they are stationary.

☞ What relation is your uncle's brother to you who is not your uncle? Ans.—Your father.

Answers to Last.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA—"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. xxii. 20.

1. E liab,	1 Sam. xvii. 28.
2. V ashti,	Esth. ii. 17.
3. E leazar,	1 Sam. vii. 1.
4. N ebuchadnezzar,	Dan. iv. 30–33.
5. S ennacherib,	2 Kings, xix. 37.
6. O bed-edom,	2 Sam. vi. 11.
7. C hushan-rishathaim,	Judg. iii. 16.
8. O rpah,	Ruth, i. 14.
9. M achpelah,	Gen. xxiii. 19.
10. E ndor,	1 Sam. xxviii. 7, 8.
11. L ahmi,	1 Chron. xx. 5.
12. O ded,	2 Chron. xv. 8.
13. R izpah,	2 Sam. xxi. 10.
14. D eborah,	Gen. xxxv. 8.
15. J onah,	Jonah, i. 3.
16. E lah,	1 Sam. xxi. 9.
17. S tephanas,	1 Cor. i. 16.
18. U zziah,	2 Chron. xxvi. 19.
19. S helemith,	Lev. xxiv. 11.

DOUBLE REBUS—Sherman, Atlanta, (Siberia, Hail, Eel, Russia, Moon, Aunt, Nevada.)

A. Martin's answer to his PROBLEM, published Dec. 31st:—49 spheres.